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POEMS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS;
SELECTED TO ENFORCE THE
PRACTICE OF VIRTUE,
AND
WITH A VIEW TO COMPRISE IN ONE VOLUME THE
BEAUTIES
OF
ENGLISH POETRY.

By E. TOMKINS.

A NEW EDITION,
WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

The pleasing Art of Poetry's design'd
To raise the heart and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of Virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the First Great Cause of things.

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1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of this Collection has not much to ſay on the preſent occaſion. Truth is ſeldom verboſe: the trueſt things are moſt eaſily expreſſed in the ſhorteſt periods.

POETRY is an Art of which no liberal or cultivated mind can, or ought to be wholly ignorant. The pleaſure which it gives, and indeed the neceſſity of knowing enough of it to mix in modern converſation, will evince the utility of the following Compilation, which offers in a ſmall compaſs the very flower of Engliſh Poetry, and in which care has been taken to ſelect not only ſuch pieces as Innocence may read without a bluſh, but ſuch as will even tend to ſtrengthen that Innocence.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

VOLTAIRE, ſpeaking of the Engliſh Poets, gives them the preference in Moral pieces to thoſe of any other nation; and, indeed, no Poets have better ſettled the bounds of Duty, or more preciſely determined the rules for Conduct in Life than ours.

IN this little Collection the Reader therefore may find the moſt exquiſite pleaſure, while he is at the ſame time learning the duties of life; and while he courts only Entertainment, be deceived into Wiſdom.

IN a word, it is the peculiar property of POETRY to do good *by ſtealth*; to hide the thorny path of Inſtruction by covering it with flowers; and the verieſt Infidel in polite Learning muſt be ſomething more than abandoned, if he will not viſit the Temple of Inſtruction when Pleaſure leads the way to it.

E. T.

CONTENTS.

		Page
MESSIAH: a Sacred Eclogue.	*Pope.*	1
Edwin and Angelina.	*Goldſmith.*	5
The Three Warnings.	*Piozzi.*	12
Hymn to Humanity.	*Langhorne.*	16
The Nightingale.	*Pope.*	20
Day: a Paſtoral.	*Cunningham.*	23
Hymn to the Deity.	*Thomſon.*	28
Edwin and Emma.	*Mallet.*	33
An Enquiry after Happineſs.	*Carter.*	38
Written at Midnight in a Thunder Storm.	*Ibid.*	40
The Evening Walk.	*Ibid.*	42
Contemplation.	*Ibid.*	43
The Story of Lavinia.	*Thomſon.*	46
The Univerſal Prayer.	*Pope.*	51
A Father's Advice to his Son.	*Cooper.*	54
The Paſſions: an Ode.	*Collins.*	58
Ode on a diſtant Proſpect of Eton College.	*Gray.*	63
The Country Box.	*Lloyd.*	67
The Friar of Orders Gray.	*Percy.*	72
A Tale.	*Melmoth.*	77
Invitation to the Feathered Race.	*Graves.*	79
Ode to Truth.	*Maſon.*	81

		Page
Ode to the Morning.	*Ibid.*	84
The Fire-Side.	*Cotton.*	85
Hymn on Solitude.	*Thomſon.*	89
Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.	*Gray.*	91
Content: a Paſtoral.	*Cunningham.*	97
A Prayer for Indifference.	*Greville.*	99
The Fairy's Anſwer.	*Margravine of Anſpach*	102
Content: a Viſion	*Cotton.*	105
Happineſs.	*Pope.*	112
Sweetneſs: an Ode.	*Robertſon.*	115
Conjugal Felicity.	*Thomſon.*	118
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.	*Pope.*	120
L' Allegro.	*Milton.*	123
Il Penſeroſo.	*Ibid.*	129
The Female Seducers.	*Brooke.*	135
Adam's Morning Hymn.	*Milton.*	154
Diſcourſe between Adam and Eve on Retiring to Reſt	*Ibid.*	156
Marriage: a Viſion.	*Cotton.*	160
Advice to a Lady.	*Lyttelton.*	170
A Fairy Tale.	*Parnell.*	175
Alexander's Feaſt.	*Dryden.*	184
The Hermit.	*Beattie.*	189
A Paſtoral Ballad.	*Shenſtone.*	191
The Beggar's Petition.	*Moſs.*	200
Hymn to Benevolence.	*Blacklock.*	202
The Country Clergyman.	*Goldſmith.*	204
Providence, an Hymn.	*Addiſon.*	206
Gratitude.	*Ibid.*	207

		Page
Creation.	*Ibid.*	209
The Wiſh.	*Merrick.*	210
Sonnet to the Moon.	*Smith.*	212
On the Departure of a Nightingale.	*Ibid.*	212
Ode to Innocence.	*Ogilvie.*	213
Virtue and Ornament.	*Fordyce.*	21[redacted]
Virtue and Pleaſure.	*Ibid.*	216
Spring: an Ode.	*Johnſon.*	220
The Midſummer's Wiſh.	*Ibid.*	222
Autumn.	*Ibid.*	223
Winter.	*Ibid.*	226
The Winter's Walk.	*Ibid.*	228
Hymn in the Oratorio of Abel.		229
The Miſer and Plutus	*Gay.*	230
To the Memory of Garrick.	*Anſtie.*	232
A Contemplation on Night.	*Gay.*	233
May Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen.	*Cunningham*	235
To Dreams: a Sonnet.	*Young.*	236
Crazy Jane	*Lewis.*	237
To his Friend inclined to Marry.	*Pomfret.*	238
The Funeral Proceſſion	*Blair.*	239
Elegiac Stanzas on the Tolling of a Bell.	*Rivers.*	240
The Tear of Sympathy.	*Anon.*	242
The Naturaliſt's Summer Evening's Walk.	*White.*	243
On the Death of a favourite Child.	*Moir.*	245

		Page
Tranſlation of the 40th Ode of Anacreon.	*Cheetham.*	246
Sonnet to the River Tweed.	*Bowles.*	247
Virtue's Reply to Pleaſure.	*Spence.*	248
Hymn to Content.	*Barbauld.*	249
The Evening Primroſe.	*Langhorne.*	252
For the Monument of Roſe, a favourite Spaniel.	*Carliſle.*	255

SELECT POEMS.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

BY POPE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fonntains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more.—O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a ſon!
From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' æthereal Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.

All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe the expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe! be born.
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains! and, ye vallies, riſe!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient Bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face, he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture, and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wandering ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms:
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plough-ſhare end:
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſerts with ſurprize
Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods;

Waſte ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of their ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes;
See a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;

But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving power remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own Meſſiah reigns!

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

" TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
" And guide my lonely way
" To where yon taper cheers the vale
" With hoſpitable ray.

" For here, forlorn and loſt I tread,
" With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
" Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
" Seem lengthening as I go."

" Forbear, my ſon," the Hermit cries,
" To tempt the dangerous gloom;
" For yonder phantom only flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houſeleſs child of want
"My door is open ſtill;
"And though my portion is but ſcant,
"I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
"Whate'er my cell beſtows;
"My ruſhy couch, and frugal fare,
"My bleſſing and repoſe.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
"To ſlaughter I condemn;
"Taught by that Power that pities me,
"I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
"A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
"A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
"And water from the ſpring.

"Then, Pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
"All earth-born cares are wrong:
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n deſcends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſt, and ſmil'd,
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the Hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt;
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitation ſpurn'd,
"Reluctant doſt thou rove;
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
"Are trifling, and decay
"And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling ſtill than they.

"And what is friendſhip but a name,
"A charm that lulls to ſleep;
"A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
"And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
"The modern fair-one's jeſt,
"On earth unſeen, or only found
"To warm the turtle's neſt.

"For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
"And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpriz'd he ſees new beauties riſe
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms,
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd,
" Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
" Where heaven and you reſide.

" But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
" Whom love has taught to ſtray;
" Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
" A wealthy lord was he;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
" He had but only me:

" To win me from his tender arms,
" Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary croud
" With richeſt proffers ſtrove;
" Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humbleſt, ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth nor power had he;
" Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
" But theſe were all to me.

" The bloſſom opening to the day,
" The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſoms of the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine;
" Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain:

" 'Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
" In ſecret, where he died.

" But

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay:
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay.

" And there, forlorn, deſpairing, hid,
" I'll lay me down and die:
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to ſee
" Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care reſign;
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" My life—my all that's mine?

" No, never from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true;
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE THREE WARNINGS.

A TALE.

BY MRS. PIOZZI.

THE tree of deepeſt root is found
Leaſt willing ſtill to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore ſaid, by ancient ſages,
That love of life encreas'd with years
So much, that in our latter ſtages,
When pains grow ſharp, and ſickneſs rages,
The greateſt love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
Which all confeſs, but few perceive,
If old aſſertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern Tale.
When ſports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobſon's wedding day,
Death call'd aſide the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave, "You muſt," ſays he,
"Quit your ſweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Suſan's ſide!
"With you!" the hapleſs huſband cry'd:
"Young as I am! 'tis monſtrous hard!
"Beſides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
"My thoughts on other matters go,
"This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reaſons could not well be ſtronger;
So Death the poor Delinquint ſpar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a ſerious look,
His hour-glaſs trembled while he ſpoke,
" Neighbour," he ſaid, " farewell: no more
" Shall Death diſturb your mirthful hour;
" And further to avoid all blame
" Of cruelty upon my name,
" To give you time for preparation,
" And fit you for your future ſtation,
" Three ſeveral Warnings you ſhall have,
" Before you're ſummon'd to the grave:
" Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
" And grant a kind reprieve:
" In hopes you'll have no more to ſay,
" But when I call again this way,
" Well pleas'd the world will leave."
To theſe conditions both conſented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he liv'd, how wiſe, how well,
How roundly he purſu'd his courſe,
And ſmok'd his pipe, and ſtrok'd his horſe,
The willing Muſe ſhall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he ſold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not falſe, his wife no ſhrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He paſs'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increaſe,
While thus along Life's duſty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whoſe haſte no mortal ſpares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in muſing mood,
As all alone he ſate,
Th' unwelcome meſſenger of Fate
Once more before him ſtood.

Half kill'd with anger and ſurpriſe,
"So ſoon return'd!" old Dobſon cries.
"So ſoon, d'ye call it!" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jeſt;
"Since I was here before,
"'Tis ſix-and-thirty years at leaſt,
"And you are now fourſcore."
"So much the worſe," the clown rejoin'd;
"To ſpare the aged would be kind:
"However, ſee your ſearch be legal;
"And your authority—is't regal?
"Elſe you are come on a fool's errand,
"With but a Secretary's warrant.

"Beſides,

" Beſides you promis'd me Three Warnings,
" Which I have look'd for nights and mornings:
" But for that loſs of time and eaſe,
" I can recover damages."
" I know," cries Death, " that, at the beſt,
" I ſeldom am a welcome gueſt:
" But don't be captious, friend, at leaſt:
" I little thought you'd ſtill be able
" To ſtump about your farm and ſtable;
" Your years have run to a great length,
" I wiſh you joy, tho', of your ſtrength."
" Hold," ſays the farmer, " not ſo faſt,
" I have been lame this four years paſt."
" And no great wonder," Death replies;
" However, you ſtill keep your eyes;
" And ſure, to ſee one's loves and friends,
" For legs and arms would make amends."
" Perhaps," ſays Dobſon, " ſo it might,
" But latterly I've loſt my ſight."
" This is a ſhocking ſtory, 'faith;
" Yet there's ſome comfort ſtill," ſays Death:
" Each ſtrives your ſadneſs to amuſe,
" I warrant you hear all the news."
" There's none," cries he; " and if there were,
" I'm grown ſo deaf, I could not hear."
" Nay then," the ſpectre ſtern rejoin'd,
" Theſe are unjuſtifiable yearnings;
" If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
" You've had your Three ſufficient Warnings.

" So

" So come along, no more we'll part:"
He ſaid, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobſon, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—ſo ends my tale.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

I.

PARENT of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to ſorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet Humanity!

II.

Come, ever welcome to my breaſt!
A tender, but a cheerful gueſt;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-conſuming ſorrow dwell;
For ſorrow, long indulg'd and ſlow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears ſenſibility away:
Then comes, ſweet nymph, inſtead of thee,
The gloomy fiend Stupidity.

III.

O may that fiend be baniſh'd far,
Though paſſions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me ceaſe to know
The pulſe that throbs at joy or woe;
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When ſorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from ſocial woes,
E'er make this pleaſing ſenſe depart?
Ye Cares, O harden not my heart!

IV.

If the fair ſtar of fortune ſmile,
Let not its flattering power beguile,
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full ſails ſwell with floating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering ſtill it was but lent;
To modeſt merit ſpread my ſtore,
Unbar my hoſpitable door;
Nor feed, with pomp, an idle train,
While Want unpitied pines in vain.

V.

If heaven, in every purpoſe wiſe,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,

And for the due bread of the day,
Deſtin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, ſtill true,
I'll wiſh the good I cannot do,
And give the wretch that paſſes by,
A ſoothing word—a tear—a ſigh.

VI.

Howe'er exalted or depreſt,
Be ever mine the feeling breaſt.
From me remove the ſtagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The ſoul that one long ſabbath keeps,
And thro' the ſun's whole circle ſleeps;
Dull peace, that dwells in folly's eye,
And ſelf-attending vanity.
Alike the fooliſh and the vain
Are ſtrangers to the ſenſe humane.

VII.

O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye ſurvey'd
Sion in future aſhes laid!
Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread,
That thouſands in the deſart fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendſhip's grave
Sigh'd, and forgot its power to ſave,
O for that ſympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

VIII.

It comes: it fills my labouring breaſt;
I feel my beating heart oppreſt.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aſpect pale!
To heaven ſhe turns in deep deſpair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving ſorrows ſee!
Support them, ſweet Humanity!

IX.

Life, fill'd with grief's diſtreſsful train,
For ever aſks the tear humane.
Behold, in yon unconſcious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part to meet no more.
Aſſiſt them, hearts from anguiſh free!
Aſſiſt them, ſweet Humanity!

X.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to ſorrow's cry;
If now the pity-ſtreaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive ſtrain, O ſweet Humanity!

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY POPE.

AS Phœbus darted forth his milder ray,
And length'ning days confeſs'd the ſhort'ning day;
To Tiber's banks repair'd an am'rous ſwain,
The love and envy of the neighb'ring plain.
To cool his heat, he ſought the breezy grove;
To cool his heat, but more the heat of love:
To ſooth his cares, on the ſoft lute he play'd;
But the ſoft lute refreſh'd the lovely maid:
Conſpiring helms their umbrage ſhed around,
Wav'd with applauſe, and liſten'd to the ſound.
Sweet Philomel, the choriſter of love,
The muſical enchantreſs of the grove,
With wonder heard the ſhepherd as he play'd,
And ſtole, attentive, to the tuneful ſhade.
Perch'd o'er his head the ſilver ſyren ſate,
With envy burning, and with pride elate;
Ambitiouſly ſhe lent a liſt'ning ear,
Charm'd with the very ſounds ſhe dy'd to hear:
Each note, each flowing accent of the ſong,
She ſooth'd, and ſweeten'd with her ſofter tongue;
Gently refin'd each imitated ſtrain,
And paid him with his harmony again.

The ſhepherd wonder'd at the juſt replies,
At firſt miſtaken for the vocal breeze;
But when he found his little rival near
Imbibing muſic both at eye and ear,
With a ſublimer touch he ſwept the lute,
A ſummons to the muſical diſpute.
The ſummons ſhe receiv'd, reſolv'd to try,
And daring, warbled out a bold reply.
Now ſweeteſt thoughts the gentle ſwain inſpire,
And with a dying ſoftneſs tune the lyre;
Echo the vernal muſic of the woods,
Warble the murmurs of the falling floods.
Thus ſweet he ſings, but ſweetly ſings in vain,
For Philomela breathes a ſofter ſtrain;
With eaſier art ſhe modulates each note,
More nat'ral muſic melting in her throat,
Much he admir'd the magic of her tongue,
But more to find his lute and harp outdone.
And now to loftier airs he tunes the ſtrings,
And now to loftier airs his echo ſings;
Though loud as thunder, though as ſwift as thought,
She reach'd the ſwelling, caught the flying note;
In trembling treble, now in ſolemn baſs,
She ſhew'd how nature could his art ſurpaſs.
Amaz'd, at length; with rage the ſhepherd burn'd,
His admiration into anger turn'd;
Inflam'd, with emulating pride he ſtood,
And thus defy'd the charmer of the wood:

And wilt thou ſtill my muſic imitate?
Then ſee thy folly, and thy taſk is great:
For, know, more pow'rful lays remain unſung,
Lays far ſuperior to thy mimic tongue.
If not, this lute, this vanquiſh'd lute, I ſwear,
Shall never more delight the raviſh'd ear;
But broke in ſcatter'd fragments ſtrew the plain,
And mourn the glories which it could not gain.
He ſaid, and as he ſaid, his ſoul on fire,
With a diſdainful air he ſtruck the lyre.
Quick to the touch, the tides of muſic flow,
Swell into ſtrength, or melt away in woe:
Now raiſe the ſhrilling trumpet's clanging jar,
And imitated thunders rouze the war:
Now ſoft'ning ſounds, and ſadly pleaſing ſtrains,
Breathe out the lover's joys, and lover's pains.
He ſung; and ceas'd her rival notes to hear,
As his dy'd lift'ning in the ambient air.
But now, too late, her noble folly found,
Sad Philomela ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound:
Though vanquiſh'd, yet with gen'rous ardour fill'd,
Ignobly ſtill ſhe ſcorn'd to quit the field;
But ſlowly faint her penſive accents flow,
Weaken'd with grief, and overcharg'd with woe.
Again ſhe tunes her voice, again ſhe ſings,
Strains ev'ry nerve, and quivers on her wings;
In vain her ſinking ſpirits fade away,
And in a tuneful agony decay;

Dying ſhe fell, and as the ſtrains expire,
Breath'd out her ſoul in anguiſh on the lyre;
Diſſolv'd in tranſport, ſhe reſign'd her breath,
And gain'd a living conqueſt by her death.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

MORNING.

——Carpe diem. Hor.

I.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Cloſe to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briſkly crows, (the ſhepherd's clock!),
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadow's, nurs'd by night, retire;
And the peeping ſun-beam now,
Paints with gold the village ſpire.

III.

Philomel forſakes the thorn,
Plaintive where ſhe prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the ſhepherd's ſight.

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring ſwallow ſpring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick ſhe dips her dappled wing.

V.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now begin to crop
Daiſies on the dewy dale.

VI.

From the balmy ſweet, uncloy'd,
(Reſtleſs till her taſk be done)
Now the buſy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the ſun.

VII.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid ſtream diſtills,
Sweet refreſhment waits the flock
When 'tis ſun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harveſt hopes are ripe)
Anxious;—whilſt the huntſman's horn,
Boldly ſounding, drowns his pipe.

IX.

Sweet,—O ſweet, the warbling throng
On the white embloſſom'd ſpray!
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echoes to the riſing day.

NOON.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood
Now the noontide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the roſe.

XI.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines,
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines
Pendent o'er his graſſy ſeat.

XII.

Now the flock forſakes the glade
Where uncheck'd the ſun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

XIII.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr ſprings;
Fearful leſt the noon-tide beam
Scorch its ſoft, its ſilken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir,
Nature's lull'd—ſerene—and ſtill!
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

XVII.

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh-deſcending ſhower,
Grateful to the thirſty ground,
Raiſes ev'ry fainting flower.

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune;
Blithſome is the verdant ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free;—(the furrow'd taſk is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

XX.

Now he ſets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky;
Can the pencil's mimic ſkill
Copy the refulgent dye?

XXI.

Trudging as the ploughmen go
(To the ſmoking hamlet bound,)
Giant-like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

XXII.

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home.

XXIII.

As the lark with vary'd tune
Carols to the evening loud,
Mark the mild reſplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud!

XXIV.

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twiſted brake;
And the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake.

XXV.

As the trout, in ſpeckled pride,
Playful from its boſom ſprings;
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

XXVI.

Tripping through the ſilken graſs,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the roſe-complexion'd laſs
With her well-pois'd milking-pail.

XXVII.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

HYMN.

FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! theſe
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe and every heart is joy.

Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy ſun
Shoots full perfection through the ſwelling year;
And oft' Thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft' at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales.
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and ſtorms.
Around Thee thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding ſublime, Thou bidſt the world adore,
And humbleſt nature with thy northern blaſt.

Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoft'ning into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft', with brute-unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſtreaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring;
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;

And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
Nature, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join, and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To Him, ye vocal Gales!
Breathe ſoft, whoſe Spirit in your freſhneſs breathes;
Oh talk of him in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills!
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong Torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye ſofter Floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic Main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound His ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incenſe, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye Foreſts, bend; ye Harveſts, wave to Him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye Conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great Source of day, beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate World;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye Hills: ye moſſy Rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive lowe,
Ye Vallies, raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye Woodlands all, awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the Groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the Night His praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled Men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft' breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardour riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,

And find a fane in every ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the Summer ray
Ruſſets the plain, inſpiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter riſes in the blackening Eaſt,
Be my tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should Fate command me to the farthеſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong, where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte, as in the city full!
And where he vital breathes there muſt be joy.
When even at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers
Will riſing wonders ſing. I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſuns,
From ſeeming evil ſtill educing good,
And better thence again, and better ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in Light Ineffable;
Come then, expreſſive Silence! muſe his praiſe.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY DAVID MALLET, ESQ.

Mark it, Ceſario, it is true and plain.
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chaunt it. It is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. Shakeſpear's Twelfth Night.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.

II

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die,

III.

The ſofteſt bluſh that Nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour ſmiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains:
That ſun, who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

V.

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with Love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul devoid of art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His ſiſter, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

XI

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
And ſaw it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at laſt
Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

XII.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing paſſions ſtrove:
His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

XIII.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

XIV.

Oft too on Stanmore's wintry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight mourner ſtray'd,

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied Heaven with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrow ſhed.

XVII.

"'Tis paſt!" he cry'd—"but if your ſouls
"Sweet Mercy yet can move,
"Let theſe dim eyes once more behold
"What they muſt ever love!"

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care
(A cruel ſiſter ſhe)
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
"My Edwin! live for me."

XX.

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

XXII.

Alone, apall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad-ſounding in the gale!

XXIII.

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door—
" He's gone!" ſhe cry'd; " and I ſhall ſee
" That angel-face no more!

XXIV.

" I feel, I feel this breaking heart
" Beat high againſt my ſide—"
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhivering ſigh'd, and died.

AN ENQUIRY AFTER

HAPPINESS.

BY MISS CARTER.

THE midnight moon ſerenely ſmiles
O'er nature's ſoft repoſe,
No low'ring cloud obſcures the ſky,
Nor ruffling tempeſt blows.

Now ev'ry paſſion ſinks to reſt,
The throbbing heart lies ſtill;
And va'ying ſchemes of life no more
Diſtract the lab'ring will.

In ſilence huſh'd, to Reaſon's voice
Attends each mental pow'r;
Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come; while the peaceful ſcene invites,
Let's ſearch this ample round;
Where ſhall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happineſs be found?

Does it amidſt the frolic mirth
Of gay aſſemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the ſolemn gloom
That ſhades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A ſick'ning heart conceals!
And through the cloiſter's deep receſs
Invading ſorrow ſteals.

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit
The fugitive we trace;
It dwells not in the faithleſs ſmile
That brightens Clodio's face.

Perhaps the joy to theſe deny'd,
The heart in friendſhip finds:
Ah! dear deluſion, gay conceit
Of viſionary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
Yet all agree in one,
To place its being in ſome ſtate
At diſtance from our own.

O blind to each indulgent aim
Of pow'r ſupremely wiſe,
Who fancy Happineſs in aught
The hand of Heav'n denies!

Vain are alike the joys we ſeek,
And vain what we poſſeſs,
Unleſs harmonious Reaſon tunes
The paſſions into peace.

To temper'd wiſhes, juſt deſires,
Is Happineſs confin'd,
And, deaf to Folly's call, attends
The muſic of the mind.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, IN A THUNDER STORM.

BY THE SAME.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To ſhelt'ring caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the ſky.

Protected by that Hand, whoſe law
The threat'ning ſtorms obey,
Intrepid Virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the ſame all-gracious Power
That breathes the vernal air.

Through nature's ever-varying ſcene,
By diff'rent ways perſu'd,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is univerſal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or bluſhes in the roſe.

By Reaſon taught to ſcorn thoſe fears
That vulgar minds moleſt,
Let no fantaſtic terrors break
My dear Narciſſa's reſt.

Thy life may all the tend'reſt care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend;

When, through creation's vaſt expanſe,
The laſt dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the ſpheres,
And ſhake the riſing ſoul;

Unmov'd may'ſt thou the final ſtorm
Of jarring worlds ſurvey,
That uſhers in the glad ſerene
Of everlaſting day.

THE EVENING WALK.

BY THE SAME.

HOW ſweet the calm of this ſequeſter'd ſhore,
Where ebbing waters muſically roll;
And ſolitude and ſilent eve reſtore
The philoſophic temper of the ſoul.

The ſighing gale, whoſe murmurs lull to reſt
The buſy tumult of declining day,
To ſympathetic quiet ſoothes the breaſt,
And ev'ry wild emotion dies away.

Farewel the objects of diurnal care,
Your taſk be ended with the ſetting ſun;
Let all be undiſturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave aſcends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous viſions o'er the ſoften'd heart
In this ſtill moment all their charms diffuſe,
Serener joys and brighter hopes impart,
And cheer the ſoul with more than mortal views.

Here faithful Mem'ry wakens all her powr's,
She bids her fair ideal forms aſcend,
And quick to ev'ry gladden'd thought reſtores
The ſocial virtue and the abſent friend.

Come, *******, come, and with me ſhare
The ſober pleaſures of this ſolemn ſcene;
While no rude tempeſt clouds the ruffled air,
But all, like thee, is ſmiling and ſerene.

Come, while the cool, the ſolitary hours
Each fooliſh care, and giddy wiſh controul,
With all thy ſoft perſuaſion's wonted pow'rs,
Beyond the ſtars tranſport my liſtening ſoul.

Oft when the earth detain'd by empty ſhow,
Thy voice has taught the trifler how to riſe!
Taught her to look with ſcorn on things below,
And ſeek her better portion in the ſkies.

Come, and the ſacred eloquence repeat:
The world ſhall vaniſh at its gentle ſound,
Angelic forms ſhall viſit this retreat,
And op'ning Heaven diffuſe its glories round.

CONTEMPLATION.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE ſoft through water, earth, and air,
The vernal ſpirits rove,
From noiſy joys, and giddy crowds,
To rural ſcenes remove.

The mountain ſnows are all diſſolv'd,
And huſh'd the bluſt'ring gale;
While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe
Along the flow'ry vale.

The circling planets' conſtant rounds
The wintry waſtes repair;
And ſtill, from temporary death,
Renew the verdant year.

But ah! when once our tranſient bloom,
The ſpring of life, is o'er,
That roſy ſeaſon takes its flight,
And muſt return no more.

Yet judge by Reaſon's ſober rules,
From falſe opinion free,
And mark how little pilf'ring years
Can ſteal from you or me.

Each moral pleaſure of the heart,
Each laſting charm of truth,
Depends not on the giddy aid
Of wild inconſtant youth.

The vain coquet, whoſe empty pride
A fading face ſupplies,
May juſtly dread the wintry gloom,
Where all its glory dies.

Leave ſuch a ruin to deplore,
To fading forms confin'd:
Nor age nor wrinkles diſcompoſe
One feature of the mind.

Amidſt the univerſal change,
Unconſcious of decay,
It views unmov'd, the ſcythe of Time
Sweep all beſides away.

Fixt on its own eternal frame,
Eternal are its joys;
While, borne on tranſitory wings,
Each mortal pleaſure flies.

While ev'ry ſhort-liv'd flow'r of ſenſe
Deſtructive years conſume,
Through Friendſhip's fair enchanting walks,
Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of time
The beauteous proſpect ends,
But, lengthen'd through the vale of death,
To paradiſe extends.

THE STORY OF LAVINIA.

FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers ſtand
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameleſs gentle offices, her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves;
While through their chearful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal, unfelt, the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds up the ſhocks,
And, conſcious, glancing oft on every ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſcanty harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, huſbandmen! but fling
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful, think
How good the God of harveſt is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the ſouls of heave

And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth:
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay save Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride;
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the due wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-snow.
The modest Virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of Evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair profion'd on her polish'd limbs,

Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods:
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd, blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling Patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was! the generous, and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with Autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick,
With unaffected bluſhes, from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire

Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm Philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd:
" What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
" By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe,
" And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old Acaſto's line, and to my mind
" Recals that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe,
" Now to the duſt gone down, his houſes, lands,
" And once fair ſpreading family, diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid, that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
" Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
" Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"
When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold,
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,

Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frightened at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate, and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul:
" And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains?
" She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
" So long in vain? O heavens! the very ſame,
" The ſoften'd image of my noble friend;
" Alive his every look, his every feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than ſpring!
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah, where!
" In what ſequeſter'd deſert, haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven?
" Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair,
" Though poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
" Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
" O let me now into a richer ſoil
" Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns and ſhow'rs
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
" And of my garden be the pride and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
" Acaſto's daughter, his, whoſe open ſtores,
" Though vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy!
" Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,

" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
" The fields, the maſter, all, my Fair! are thine,
" If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtable, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

BY POPE.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood;
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n perſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me whereſo'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all beings raiſe!
All nature's incenſe riſe!

A FATHER's ADVICE

TO HIS SON.

BY G. COOPER.

DEEP in a grove by cypreſs ſhaded,
Where mid-day ſun had ſeldom ſhone,
Or noiſe the ſolemn ſcene invaded,
Save ſome afflicted Muſes moan.

A swain tow'rds full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sat ſorrowing at the cloſe of day,
At whoſe fond ſide a boy, attending,
Liſp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wreſted,
But on the ſmiling prattler hung,
Till what his throbbing heart ſuggeſted,
Theſe accents trembled from his tongue.

" My youth's firſt hope, my manhood's treaſure,
" My deareſt innocent, attend,
" Nor fear rebuke, or ſour diſpleaſure,
" A father's loveliest name is Friend.

" Some truths from long experience flowing,
" Worth more than royal grants, receive;
" For truths are wealth of Heaven's beſtowing,
" Which kings have ſeldom power to give.

" Since, from an ancient race deſcended,
" You boaſt an unattainted blood,
" By yours be their fair fame attended,
" And claim by birthright—to be good.

" In love for every fellow-creature
" Superior riſe above the crowd;
" What moſt ennobles human nature
" Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

" Be thine the generous heart that borrows
" From other's joys a friendly glow,
" And for each hapleſs neighbour's ſorrows,
" Throbs with a ſympathetic woe.

" This is the temper moſt endearing,
" Though wide proud pomp her banner ſpreads;
" An heavenlier power Good-nature bearing,
" Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

" Taſte not from Fame's uncertain fountain
" The peace-deſtroying ſtreams that flow,
" Nor from Ambition's dangerous mountain
" Look down upon the world below.

" The princely pine on hills exhalted,
" Whoſe lofty branches cleave the ſky,
" By winds, long brav'd, at laſt aſſaulted,
" Is headlong whirl'd in duſt to lie;

" While the mild roſe, more ſafely growing,
" Low in its unaſpiring vale,
" Amid retirement's ſhelter blowing,
" Exchanges ſweets with every gale.

" Wiſh not for Beauty's darling features,
" Moulded by Nature's partial pow'r,
" For faireſt forms 'mong human creatures
" Shine but the pageants of an hour.

" I ſaw the pride of all the meadow,
" At noon, a gay narciſſus blow
" Upon a river's bank, whoſe ſhadow
" Bloom'd in the ſilver waves below;

" By noontide's heat its youth was waſted,
" The waters, as they paſs'd, complain'd;
" At eve, its glories all were blaſted,
" And not one former tint remain'd.

" Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory
" Lead you from Wiſdom's path aſtray;
" What genius lives renown'd in ſtory,
" To Happineſs who found the way?

" In yonder mead behold that vapour,
" Whoſe vivid beams illuſive play,
" Far off it ſeems a friendly taper,
" To guide the traveller on his way

" But ſhould ſome hapleſs wretch, purſuing,
" Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
" He'd find, too late, his raſhneſs rueing,
" That fatal quick-ſands lurk below.

" In life ſuch bubbles nought admiring,
" Gilt with falſe light, and fill'd with air,
" Do you from pageant crowds retiring,
" To Peace in Virtue's cot repair.

" There ſeek the never-waſted treaſure
" Which mutual love and friendſhip give,
" Domeſtic comfort, ſpotleſs pleaſure,
" And bleſt and bleſſing you will live.

" If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
" As mine its bounty does with you,
" In fondneſs fatherly excelling,
" Th' example you have felt, perſue."

He paus'd—for tenderly careſſing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expreſſing
Thoughts, language never could impart.

Now Night, her mournful mantle ſpreading,
Had rob'd in black th' horizon round,
And, dank dews from her treſſes ſhedding,
With genial moiſture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying,
'Midſt cuſtom's ſlaves he liv'd reſign'd;
His face, array'd in ſmiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind.

For ſeriouſly around ſurveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human ſtage.

(Peaceful himſelf and undeſigning)
He loath'd the ſcenes of guile and ſtrife,
And felt each ſecret wiſh inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his ſoul,
For, what all-bounteous Heaven created,
He thought Heaven only ſhould controul.

THE PASSIONS:

AN ODE.

BY COLLINS.

WHEN Muſic, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The PASSIONS oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſs'd beyond the the Muſes' painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each (for madneſs rul'd the hour)
Would prove his own expreſſive pow'r.

Firſt, FEAR his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next, ANGER ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings;
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woeful meaſures wan DESPAIR—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd;
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits—by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O HOPE! with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it wiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill thro' all her ſong:
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe;
And HOPE, enchanted, ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had ſhe ſung—but, with a frown,
REVENGE impatient roſe.
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And tho' ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected PITY, at his ſide,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice apply'd,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight—ſeem'd burſting from his head.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate:
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd;
And, now, it courted Love; now, raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale MELANCHOLY ſat retir'd;
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes, by diſtance, made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtream, with fond delay,
(Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing)
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone,
When CHEARFULNESS, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd Siſters, and their chaſte-ey'd Queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addreſt
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk-awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amid the feſtal ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round
(Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,)
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! ſphere-deſcended maid!
Friend of Pleaſure, Wiſdom's aid!
Why, Goddeſs, why, to us denied,
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!

Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of ſound—
O bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece,
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate,
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

BY GRAY.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her Henry's holy ſhade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of Windſor's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way!

Ah happy hills! ah pleaſing ſhade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As, waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſoothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breath a ſecond ſpring.

Say, father Thames (for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race,
Diſporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace,)
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which inthral?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the roling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome, on earneſt buſineſs bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is their's, by Fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Their's buxom Health of roſy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet ſee how all around them wait,
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand
To ſeize their prey the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that ſculks behind;

Or pining Love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow,
And keen Remorſe, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs, laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains;
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand;
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſuff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why ſhould they know their fate?
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happineſs too ſwiftly flies:
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more: where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

THE
COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

BY ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wiſhes for the rural ſhade,
And buckles to his one-horſe chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in cloſely by his ſide
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jackey on a ſtool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce paſt the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country ſeems to ſmile!

And, as they ſlowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry houſe ſhe ſees,
Admires its views, its ſituation,
And thus ſhe opens her oration:
" What ſignify the loads of wealth,
" Without that richeſt jewel, health?
" Excuſe the fondneſs of a wife,
" Who doats upon your precious life!
" Such ceaſeleſs toil, ſuch conſtant care,
" Is more than human ſtrength can bear;
" One may obſerve it in your face—
" Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
" And nothing can your health repair,
" But exerciſe and country air.
" Sir Traffic has a houſe, you know,
" About a mile from Cheney-row;
" He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true,
" But not ſo warm, my dear, as you;
" And folks are always apt to ſneer—
" One would not be out-done, my dear!"
Sir Traffic's name ſo well apply'd
Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmoſt deference to his wife,
Confeſs'd her arguments had reaſon,
And by th' approaching ſummer ſeaſon

Draws a few hundreds from the ſtocks,
And purchaſes his Country Box.
Some three or four miles out of town
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And ſo convenient does it lay,
The ſtages paſs it every day:
And then ſo ſnug, ſo mighty pretty,
To have an houſe ſo near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're ſet down at the very door.
Well then, ſuppoſe them fix'd at laſt,
White-waſhing, painting, ſcrubbing paſt,
Hugging themſelves in eaſe and clover,
With all the fuſs of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.
" Well, to be ſure, it muſt be own'd,
" It is a charming ſpot of ground;
" So ſweet a diſtance for a ride,
" And all about ſo countrified!
" 'Twould come to but a trifling price
" To make it quite a paradiſe.
" I cannot bear thoſe naſty rails,
" Thoſe ugly broken mouldy pales:
" Suppoſe, my dear, inſtead of theſe,
" We build a railing all Chineſe:

" Although one hates to be expos'd,
" 'Tis diſmal to be thus inclos'd;
" One hardly any object ſees—
" I wiſh you'd fell thoſe odious trees.
" Objects continual paſſing by
" Were ſomething to amuſe the eye;
" But to be pent within the walls—
" One might as well be at St. Paul's.
" Our houſe beholders would adore,
" Was there a level lawn before;
" Nothing its views to incommode,
" But quite laid open to the road!
" While every traveller, in amaze,
" Should on our little manſion gaze,
" And, pointing to the choice retreat,
" Cry, " That's Sir Thrifty's country-ſeat."
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's taſte can never fail.
Bleſt age! when all men may procure
The title of a Connoiſſeur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a ſingle word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred chriſtian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je ne ſcai quoi, Virtù;
Which appellations all deſcribe
Taſte and the modern taſteful tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chineſe artiſts and deſigners,
Produce their ſchemes of alteration
To work this wondrous reformation.
The uſeful dome, which ſecret ſtood,
Emboſom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ller with amazement ſees
A temple Gothic, or Chineſe,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And creſted with a ſprawling dragon.
A wooden arch is bent aſtride
A ditch of water four feet wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact deſigns.
In front, a level lawn is ſeen,
Without a ſhrub upon the green,
Where Taſte would want its firſt great law,
But for the ſkulking, ſly ha-ha,
By whoſe miraculous aſſiſtance
You gain a proſpect two fields diſtance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome.
Here ſquabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumſy graces:
Apollo there, with aim ſo clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taſte;
And Madam's female friends and couſins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the ſeat,
To ſtare about them, and to eat.

THE

FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

FIRST PUBLISHED BY DR. PERCY.

IT was a Friar of Orders Gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Chriſt thee ſave, thou reverend Friar,
"I pray thee tell to me,
"If ever at yon holy ſhrine
"My true-love thou didſt ſee."

"And how ſhould I knew your true-love
"From many another one?"
"O, by his cockle hat, and ſtaff,
"And by his ſandal ſhoon.

" But chiefly by his face and mien
" That were ſo fair to view,
" His flaxen locks that ſweetly curl'd,
" And eyne of lovely blue."

" O Lady, he is dead and gone!
" Lady he's dead and gone!
" And at his head a green-graſs turf,
" And at his heels a ſtone.

" Within theſe holy cloyſters long
" He languiſh'd and he dy'd,
" Lamenting of a lady's love,
" And 'plaining of her pride.

" Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
" Six proper youths and tall,
" And many a tear bedew'd his grave
" Within yon kirk-yard wall."

" And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
" And art thou dead and gone!
" And didſt thou die for love of me?—
" Break, cruel heart of ſtone!"

" O weep not, Lady, weep not ſo;
" Some ghoſtly comfort ſeek:
" Let not vain ſorrow rive thy heart,
" Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

" O do not, do not, holy Friar,
" My ſorrow now reprove ;
" For I have loſt the ſweeteſt youth
" That e'er won lady's love.

" And now, alas! for thy ſad loſs,
" I'll e'ermore weep and ſigh ;
" For thee I only wiſh'd to live,
" For thee I wiſh to die."

" Weep no more, Lady, weep no more,
" Thy ſorrow is in vain :
" For violets pluck'd, the ſweeteſt ſhowers
" Will ne'er make grow again.

" Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
" Why then ſhould ſorrow laſt ?
" Since Grief but aggravates thy loſs,
" Grieve not for what is paſt."

" O ſay not ſo, thou holy Friar,
" I pray thee, ſay not ſo ;
" For ſince my true-love dy'd for me,
" 'Tis meet my tears ſhould flow.

" And will he never come again ?
" Will he ne'er come again ?
" Ah! no ; he is dead, and laid in his grave,
" For ever to remain.

" His cheek was redder than the roſe;
" The comelieſt youth was he!—
" But he is dead, and laid in his grave:
" Alas, and woe is me!"

" Sigh no more, Lady, ſigh no more,
" Men were deceivers ever:
" One foot on ſea and one on land,
" To one thing conſtant never.

" Hadſt thou been fond, he had been falſe,
" And left thee ſad and heavy;
" For young men e'er were fickle found,
" Since ſummer trees were leafy."

" Now ſay not ſo, thou holy Friar,
" I pray thee ſay not ſo;
" My love he had the trueſt heart—
" O he was ever true!

" And thou art dead, thou much-lov'd youth!
" And didſt thou die for me?
" Then farewel home! for evermore
" A pilgrim I will be.

" But firſt upon my true-love's grave
" My weary limbs I'll lay,
" And thrice I'll kiſs the green-graſs turf
" That wraps his breathleſs clay."

" Yet ſtay, fair lady, reſt a while,
" Beneath this cloyſter wall:
" See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
" And drizzly rain doth fall."

" O ſtay me not, thou holy Friar!
" O ſtay me not, I pray!
" No drizzly rain that falls on me
" Can waſh my fault away.

" Yet ſtay, fair lady, turn again.
" And dry thoſe pearly tears;
" For ſee, beneath this gown of gray
" Thy own true-love appears!

" Here forc'd by grief and hopeleſs love,
" Theſe holy weeds I ſought;
" And here amid theſe lonely walls
" To end my days I thought.

" But haply, for my year of grace
" Is not yet paſt away,
" Might I ſtill hope to win thy love,
" No longer would I ſtay."

" Now farewel grief, and welcome joy
" Once more unto my heart;
" For ſince I have found thee, lovely youth!
" We never more will part."

A TALE.

BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

ERE Saturn's ſons were yet diſgrac'd,
And heathen gods were all the taſte,
Full oft (we read) 'twas Jove's high will
To take an air on Ida's hill.
It chanc'd, as once with ſerious ken
He view'd from thence the ways of men,
He ſaw (and pity touch'd his breaſt)
The world by three foul fiends poſſeſt:
Pale Diſcord there, and Folly vain,
With haggard Vice, upheld their reign.
Then forth he ſent his ſummons high,
And call'd a ſenate of the ſky.
Round as the winged orders preſt,
Jove thus his ſacred mind expreſt:
"Say, which of all this ſhining train
"Will Virtue's conflict hard ſuſtain?
"For ſee! ſhe drooping takes her flight,
"While not a god ſupports her right."
He paus'd—when from amidſt the ſky,
Wit, Innocence, and Harmony,
With one united zeal aroſe,
The triple tyrants to oppoſe.
That inſtant from the realms of day
With generous ſpeed they took their way!

To Britain's iſle direct their car,
And enter'd with the evening ſtar.
Beſide the road a manſion ſtood,
Defended by a circling wood:
Hither, diſguis'd, their ſteps they bend,
In hopes, perchance, to find a friend:
Nor vain their hope; for records ſay,
Worth ne'er from thence was turn'd away.
They urge the traveller's common chance,
And every piteous plea advance:
The artful tale that Wit had feign'd
Admittance eaſy ſoon obtain'd.
The dame who own'd, adorn'd the place;
Three blooming daughters added grace.
The firſt, with gentleſt manners bleſt
And temper ſweet, each heart poſſeſt;
Who view'd her, catch'd the tender flame:
And ſoft Amaſia was her name.
In ſprightly ſenſe and poliſh'd air,
What maid with Mira might compare?
While Lucia's eyes and Lucia's lyre
Did unreſiſted love inſpire.
Imagine now the table clear,
And mirth in every face appear:
The ſong, the tale, the jeſt went round,
The riddle dark, the trick profound.
Thus each admiring and admir'd,
The hoſts and gueſts at length retir'd;

When Wit thus ſpake her ſiſter train:
" Faith, friends, our errand is but vain—
" Quick let us meaſure back the ſky;
" Theſe nymphs alone may well ſupply
" Wit, Innocence, and Harmony.

AN INVITATION TO
THE FEATHERED RACE.

BY THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

AGAIN the balmy Zephyr blows,
Freſh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
And ſhun the noontide heat;
My ſhrubs a cooling ſhade ſupply,
My groves a ſafe retreat.

Here freely hop from ſpray to ſpray,
Or weave the moſſy neſt;
Here rove and ſing the live-long day,
At night here ſweetly reſt.

Amidſt this cool tranſlucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the ſhade.

No ſchool-boy rude, to miſchief prone,
E'er ſhews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a ſtone
In this ſequeſter'd place.

Hither the vocal Thruſh repairs,
Secure the Linnet ſings,
The Goldfinch dreads no ſlimy ſnares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt
Yon diſtant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy ſweetly-plaintive ſong.

Let not the harmleſs Redbreaſt fear,
Domeſtic bird, to come
And ſeek a ſure aſylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artleſs tribe,
Shall ſtore of fruit preſerve;
Oh, let me thus your friendſhip bribe!
Come, feed without reſerve.

For you theſe cherries I protect,
To you theſe plums belong:
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But ſweeter far your ſong.

Let then this league betwixt us made
Our mutual intereſts guard,
Mine be the gift of fruit and ſhade;
Your ſongs be my reward.

ODE TO TRUTH.

BY MASON.

SAY, will no white-rob'd ſon of light,
Swift darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd ſtand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
Here ſmiling ſtretch his tutelary wand?
And you, ye hoſts of ſaints! for ye have known
Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,
Though now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpreſſive praiſe,
Will not your train deſcend in radiant ſtate,
To break with mercy's beam this gathering cloud of fate?

'Tis ſilence all. No ſon of light
Darts ſwiftly from his heav'nly height:
No train of radiant ſaints deſcend.

" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
" If guilt, if fraud has ſtain'd your mind,
" Or faint to hear, or angel to defend."
So Truth proclaims. I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the centre of her burning throne,
Where aye ſhe ſits with ſtar-wreath'd luſtre crown'd;
A bright ſun claſps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear;
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.

Attend, ye ſons of men! attend, and ſay,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break through the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not reaſon in this form deſcry
Unnumber'd, nameleſs glories, that ſurpaſs
The angel's floating pomp, the ſeraph's glowing grace?
Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me! Shall ſhe, whoſe brighteſt eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whoſe cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whoſe breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whoſe melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall ſhe be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental droſs, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with theſe charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her conteſt vain. Life's little day
Shall paſs, and ſhe is gone: while I appear
Fluſh'd with the bloom of youth through heav'n's eternal year.

Know, mortals! know, ere firſt ye ſprung,
Ere firſt theſe orbs in ether hung,
I ſhone amid the heavenly throng:
Theſe eyes beheld creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught Archangels their triumphant ſong.
Pleas'd I ſurvey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling luſtre ſpread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And ocean heave on its extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aſpiring pierce the ſky;
The tawny lion ſtalk; the rapid eagle fly.
Laſt, Man aroſe, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image ſtamp'd upon his face,
And, as he 'roſe, the high beheſt was given,
"That I alone, of all the hoſt of heaven,
"Should reign protectreſs of the godlike youth."
Thus the Almighty ſpake: he ſpake, and call'd me Truth.

ODE TO THE MORNING.

BY THE SAME.

HAIL to thy living light,
Ambroſial Morn! all hail thy roſeat ray,
That bids gay Nature all her charms diſplay
In varied beauty bright:
That bids each dewy-ſpangled flow'ret riſe,
And dart around its vermeil dyes;
Bids ſilver luſtre grace yon ſparkling tide,
That winding warbles down the mountain's ſide.

Away, ye goblins all!
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt;
Whoſe vagrant feet have trac'd your ſecret haunt
Beſide ſome lonely wall,
Or ſhatter'd ruin of a moſs-grown tow'r,
Where, at pale midnight's ſtilleſt hour,
Through each rough chink the ſolemn orb of night
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

Away, ye elves, away!
Shrink at ambroſial Morning's living ray;
That living ray, whoſe pow'r benign
Unfolds the ſcene of glory to our eye,
Where, thron'd in artleſs majeſty,
The cherub Beauty ſits on Nature's ruſtic ſhrine.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY DR. COTTON.

I.

DEAR Chloe, while the buſy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though ſingularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll ſtep aſide,
Nor join the giddy dance.

II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noiſy neighbours enter here,
No intermeddling ſtranger near
To ſpoil our heart-felt joys.

III.

If ſolid happineſs we prize,
Within our breaſt this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to beſtow;
From our own ſelves our joys muſt flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

IV.

Of reſt was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing ſhe left
That ſafe retreat the ark;
Giving her vain excurſion o'er,
The diſappointed bird once more
Explor'd the ſacred bark.

V.

Though fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By ſweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly underſtood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradiſe below.

VI.

Our babes ſhall richeſt comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a ſpring
Whence pleaſures ever riſe:
We'll form their minds, with ſtudious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the ſkies.

VII.

While they our wiſeſt hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, ſupport our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondeſt loves repay,
And recompenſe our cares.

VIII.

No borrow'd joys: they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your ſtate,
We look with pity on the great,
And bleſs our humbler lot.

IX.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then, how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may ſuffice,
And make that little do.

X.

We'll therefore reliſh with content
Whate'er kind Providence has ſent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our ſtock be very ſmall,
'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,
Nor loſe the preſent hour.

XI.

To be reſign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n,
Dear Chloe, this is wiſdom's part,
This is that incenſe of the heart,
Whoſe fragrance ſmells to heav'n.

XII.

We'll aſk no long protracted treat
(Since winter life is ſeldom ſweet);
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
Nor grudge our ſons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our ſtore.

XIII.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious ſteps we'll tread;
Quit its vain ſcenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

XIV.

While conſcience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts ceaſe,
Like a kind angel whiſper peace,
And ſmooth the bed of death.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

BY THOMSON.

HAIL, mildly-pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the wiſe and good;
But from whoſe holy, piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.
Now, wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky.
A ſhepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Muſidora, ſhe
(Her Muſidora fond of thee)

Amid the long-withdrawing vale
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.
  Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:
But chief when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſcape ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.
  Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage and ſwain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head:
Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.
  Oh! let me pierce thy ſecret cell,
And in thy deep receſſes dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care;
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn aiſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs in the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of the fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell, guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade; nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hid,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by the unletter'd Muſe,
The place of Fame and Elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind!

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit ſhall enquire thy fate.

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
" Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
" Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away,
" To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beach
" That wreaths its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

" One morn I miſs'd him on th' accuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

" The next, with dirges due, in ſad array,
" Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
" Approach, and read (for thou canſt read) the lay
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE

EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Miſery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wiſh'd, a Friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

CONTENT.

A PASTORAL.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

Yellow ſheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on her floor,
Her caſement ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt,
Freſh fruits!—and ſhe cull'd me the beſt;
Whilſt, thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt.

I told my ſoft wiſhes—ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd;
"Yet take me, fond ſhepherd—I'm thine."

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek,
So ſimple, yet ſweet were her charms,
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep;
And if—on the banks by the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom, I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

Together we range o'er the ſlow-riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views,
Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtils,
And mark out new themes for my Muſe.

To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire,
The damſel's of humble deſcent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherds have nam'd her, Content.

A PRAYER FOR
INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary-
For once I'll try my wiſh to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton ſprite,
That lurk'ſt in woods unſeen,
And oft by Cynthia's ſilver light
Tripp'ſt gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient ſtories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
Thou ſought'ſt a wondrous ſpell;

Oh! deign once more t'exert thy power;
Haply ſome herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of weſtern flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I aſk no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to pleaſe:
Far from the heart thoſe gifts remove,
That ſighs for peace and eaſe.

Nor peace nor eaſe the heart can know,
  Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
  But, turning, trembles too.

Far as diſtreſs the ſoul can wound,
  'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliſs but to a certain bound;
  Beyond, is agony.

Take then this treacherous ſenſe of mine,
  Which dooms me ſtill to ſmart;
Which pleaſure can to pain refine,
  To pains new pangs impart.

Oh, haſte to ſhed the ſacred balm!
  My ſhatter'd nerves new ſtring;
And for my gueſt, ſerenely calm,
  The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach, ſee Hope, ſee Fear,
  See Expectation fly;
And Diſappointment in the rear,
  That blaſts the promis'd joy.

The tear which Pity taught to flow,
  The eye ſhall then diſown;
The heart that melts for others woe
  Shall then ſcarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
  Each moment then ſhall cloſe,
And tranquil days ſhall ſtill ſucceed
  To nights of calm repoſe.

O fairy elf! but grant me this,
  This one kind comfort ſend;
And ſo may never-fading bliſs
  Thy flow'ry paths attend!

So may the glow-worms glimmering light
  Thy tiny footſteps lead
To ſome new region of delight,
  Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
  With heaven's ambroſial dew;
From ſweeteſt, freſheſt flow'rs diſtill'd,
  That ſhed freſh ſweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
  I'll paſs in ſober eaſe;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
  Content but half to pleaſe.

THE FAIRY's ANSWER.

BY THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend
Theſe haſty lines I'm bid to ſend,
Or give, if I am able;
I dare not heſitate to ſay—
Tho'-I have trembled all the day,
It looks ſo like a fable—

Laſt night's adventure is my theme;
And ſhould it ſtrike you as a dream,
Yet ſoon its high import
Muſt make you own the matter ſuch,
So delicate, it were too much
To be compos'd in ſport.

Fair Luna ſhone ſerenely bright,
And every ſtar bedeck'd the night,
While Zephyr fann'd the trees;
No ſound aſſail'd my mind's repoſe,
Save that yon ſtream, which murmuring flows,
Still echo'd to the breeze.

Enwrapt in ſolemn thoughts I ſate,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
Yet void of hope or fear;

When lo! behold an airy throng,
With lighteſt ſteps, and jocund ſong,
Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form ſuperior to the reſt
His little voice to me addreſt,
And gently thus began:

"I've heard ſtrange things from one of you,
"Pray tell me if you think 'tis true;
"Explain it if you can.

"Such incenſe has perfum'd my throne,
"Such eloquence my heart has won,
"I think I gueſs the hand:
"I know her wit and beauty too,
"But why ſhe ſends a Prayer ſo new
"I cannot underſtand.

"To light ſome flames, and ſome revive,
"To keep ſome others juſt alive,
"Full oft I am implor'd:
"But, with peculiar power to pleaſe,
"To ſupplicate for nought but eaſe;—
"'Tis odd, upon my word!

"Tell her, with fruitleſs care I've ſought,
"And tho' my realms, with wonders fraught,
"In remedies abound,
"No grain of cold Indifference
"Was ever yet ally'd to Senſe,
"In all my Fairy round.

" The regions of the ſky I'd trace,
" I'd ranſack every earthly place,
" Each leaf, each herb, each flower,
" To mitigate the pangs of Fear,
" Diſpel the clouds of black Deſpair,
" Or lull the reſtleſs hour.

" I would be generous as I'm juſt,
" But I obey, as others muſt,
" Thoſe laws which Fate has made:
" My tiny kingdom how defend,
" And what might be the horrid end,
" Should man my ſtate invade?

" 'Twould put your mind into a rage,
" And ſuch unequal war to wage
" Suits not my regal duty!
" I dare not change a firſt decree,
" She's doom'd to pleaſe, nor can be free—
" Such is the lot of beauty!"

This ſaid, he darted o'er the plain,
And after follow'd all his train;
No glimpſe of him I find:
But ſure I am, the little ſprite
Theſe words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.

CONTENT.

A VISION.

BY DR. COTTON.

MAN is deceiv'd by outward ſhow—
'Tis a plain homeſpun truth, I know.
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age—
So ſays the ſchool-boy, and the ſage!
Yet ſtill we hug the dear deceit,
And ſtill exclaim againſt the cheat.
But whence this inconſiſtent part,
Say, moraliſts, who know the heart?
If you'll this labyrinth purſue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.
I dreamt ('twas on a Birth-day night)
A ſumptuous palace roſe to ſight:
The builder had through ev'ry part
Obſerv'd the chaſteſt rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had diſplay'd
All the full force of light and ſhade:
Around the livery'd ſervants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.
As I was traverſing the hall,
Where Bruſſels looms adorn'd the wall

(Whoſe tap'ſtry ſhews, without my aid,
A nun is no ſuch uſeleſs maid),
A graceful perſon came in view
(His form, it ſeems, is known to few);
His dreſs was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms! a thouſand in his face.
"This, Sir, your property?" I cry'd—
"Maſter and manſion coincide;
"Where all, indeed, is truly great,
"And proves, that bliſs may dwell with ſtate:
"Pray, Sir, indulge a ſtranger's claim,
"And grant the favour of your name."
"CONTENT," the lovely form reply'd;
"But think not here that I reſide:
"Here lives a courtier, baſe and ſly;
"An open, honeſt, ruſtic I,
"Our taſte and manners diſagree;
"His levee boaſts no charms for me;
"For titles, and the ſmiles of kings,
"To me are cheap unheeded things.
"('Tis virtue can alone impart
"The patent of a ducal heart:
"Unleſs this herald ſpeaks him great,
"What ſhall avail the glare of ſtate?)
"Thoſe ſecret charms are my delight,
"Which ſhine remote from public ſight:
"Paſſions ſubdued, deſires at reſt,—
"And hence his chaplain ſhares my breaſt."

" There was a time (his Grace can tell)
" I knew the Duke exceeding well;
" Knew every ſecret of his heart;
" In truth, we never were apart:
" But when the Court became his end,
" He turn'd his back upon his friend.
" One day I call'd upon his Grace,
" Juſt as the Duke had got a place:
" I thought (but thought amiſs, 'tis clear)
" I ſhould be welcome to the peer:
" Yes; welcome to a man in pow'r!
" And ſo I was——for half an hour.
" But he grew weary of his gueſt,
" And ſoon diſcarded me his breaſt;
" Upbraided me with want of merit,
" But moſt for poverty of ſpirit.
" You reliſh not the great man's lot?—
" Come, haſten to my humbler cot.
" Think me not partial to the great,
" I'm a ſworn foe to pride and ſtate!
" No Monarchs ſhare my kind embrace,
" There's ſcarce a Monarch knows my face:
" Content ſhuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
" With modeſt Worth in rural cells;
" There's no complaint, though brown the bread,
" Or the rude turf ſuſtain the head;
" Though hard the couch, and coarſe the meat,
" Still the brown loaf and ſleep are ſweet.

" Far from the City I reſide,
" And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
" True to my heart, I ſeldom roam,
" Becauſe I find my joys at home:
" For foreign viſits then begin,
" When the man feels a void within.
" But though from Towns and Crowds I fly,
" No Humouriſt, nor Cynic, I.
" Amidſt ſequeſter'd ſhades I prize
" The friendſhips of the good and wiſe.
" Bid Virtue and her ſons attend;
" Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend;
" Tell thee, I'm faithful, conſtant, kind,
" And meek, and lowly, and reſign'd;
" Will ſay, there's no diſtinction known
" Betwixt her houſehold and my own."
Author. " If theſe the friendſhips you purſue,
" Your friends, I fear, are very few.
" So little company, you ſay,
" Yet fond of home from day to day!
" How do you ſhun Detraction's rod?
" I doubt your neighbours think you odd!"
Content. " I commune with myſelf at night,
" And aſk my heart, if all be right.
" If 'Right' replies my faithful breaſt,
" I ſmile, and cloſe my eyes to reſt."
Author. " You ſeem regardleſs of the Town:
" Pray, Sir, how ſtand you with the Gown?"

Content. "The Clergy ſay they love me well,
" Whether they do, they beſt can tell.
" They paint me modeſt, friendly, wiſe,
" And always praiſe me to the ſkies;
" But if conviction's at the heart,
" Why not a correſpondent part?
" For ſhall the learned tongue prevail,
" If actions preach a different tale?
" Who'll ſeek my door or grace my walls,
" When neither dean nor prelate calls?
" With thoſe my friendſhips moſt obtain,
" Who prize their duty more than gain;
" Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
" And conſcious virtue is our treat;
" Our harmleſs breaſts no envy know,
" And hence we fear no ſecret foe;
" Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
" And hence we aſk no powerful friends;
" We wiſh the beſt to Church and State,
" But leave the ſteerage to the great;
" Careleſs, who riſes, or who falls,
" And never dream of vacant *ſtalls*;
" Much leſs, by pride or intereſt drawn,
" Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.
" Obſerve the ſecrets of my art,
" I'll fundamental truths impart:
" And if you'll my advice purſue,
" I'll quit my hut and dwell with you.

" The Paſſions are a num'rous crowd,
" Imperious, poſitive and loud:
" Curb theſe licentious ſons of ſtrife;
" Hence chiefly riſe the ſtorms of life:
" If they grow mutinous, and rave,
" They are thy maſters, thou their ſlave.
" Regard the world with cautious eye,
" Nor raiſe your expectation high.
" See that the balanc'd ſcales be ſuch,
" You neither fear nor hope too much.
" For diſappointment's not the thing,
" 'Tis pride and paſſion point the ſting.
" Life is a ſea where ſtorms muſt riſe,
" 'Tis folly talks of cloudleſs ſkies:
" He who contracts his ſwelling ſail
" Eludes the fury of the gale.
" Be ſtill, nor anxious thoughts employ,
" Diſtruſt embitters preſent joy:
" On God for all events depend;
" You cannot want when God's your friend.
" Weigh well your part, and do your beſt;
" Leave to your Maker all the reſt.
" The hand which form'd thee in the womb
" Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
" Can the fond mother ſlight her boy?
" Can ſhe forget her prattling joy?
" Say then, ſhall ſov'reign Love deſert
" The humble and the honeſt heart?

" Heaven may not grant thee all thy mind;
" Yet ſay not thou, that Heaven's unkind.
" God is alike both good and wiſe,
" In what he grants and what denies:
" Perhaps, what Goodneſs gives to-day,
" To-morrow Goodneſs takes away.
" You ſay that troubles intervene,
" That ſorrows darken half the ſcene.
" True—and this conſequence you ſee,
" The world was ne'er deſign'd for thee:
" You're like a paſſenger below,
" That ſtays perhaps a night or ſo;
" But ſtill his native country lies
" Beyond the boundaries of the ſkies.
" Of Heaven aſk virtue, wiſdom, health,
" But never let thy prayer be wealth.
" If food be thine (though little gold),
" And raiment to repel the cold,
" Such as may nature's wants ſuffice,
" Not what from pride and folly riſe;
" If ſoft the motions of thy ſoul,
" And a calm conſcience crowns the whole;
" Add but a friend to all this ſtore,
" You can't, in reaſon, wiſh for more:
" And if kind Heaven this comfort brings,
" 'Tis more than Heaven beſtows on kings."
He ſpake—The airy ſpectre flies,
And ſtrait the ſweet illuſion dies.

The viſion, at the early dawn,
Conſign'd me to the thoughtful morn;
To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconſiſtent dreams of day.

HAPPINESS.

FROM POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

OH Happineſs! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name;
That ſomething ſtill which prompts the eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool and wiſe;
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil.
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN, dwells with thee.
Aſk of the learn'd the way: the learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind.

Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe;
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe:
Some, ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to gods, confeſs ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent: to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?

Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is common ſenſe and common eaſe.

Remember, man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call,
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd.
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleaſure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt;
More rich, more wiſe: but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe,
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance, is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common bleſſing as one common ſoul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men Happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heaven's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in hope, and theſe in fear;
Not preſent good or ill the joy or curſe,
But future views of better or of worſe.
Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heaven ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

SWEETNESS.

AN ODE.

BY MR. ROBERTSON.

OF damaſk cheeks, and radiant eyes,
Let other poets tell;
Within the boſom of the fair
Superior beauties dwell.

There all the ſprightly powers of wit
In blithe aſſemblage play;
There every ſocial virtue ſheds
Its intellectual ray.

But as the ſun's refulgent light
Heaven's wide expanſe refines;
With ſov'reign luſtre through the ſoul
Celeſtial Sweetneſs ſhines.

This mental beam dilates the heart,
And ſparkles in the face;
It harmonizes every thought,
And heightens every grace.

One glimpſe can ſooth the troubled breaſt,
The heaving ſigh reſtrain;
Can make the bed of ſickneſs pleaſe,
And ſtop the ſenſe of pain.

Its power can charm the ſavage heart,
The tyrant's pity move:
To ſmiles convert the wildeſt rage,
And melt the ſoul to love.

When Sweetneſs beams upon the throne
In majeſty benign,
The awful ſplendors of a crown
With milder luſtre ſhine.

In ſcenes of poverty and woe,
Where melancholy dwells,
The influence of this living ray
The dreary gloom diſpels.

Thus, when the blooming ſpring returns
To cheer the mournful plains,
Through earth and air, with genial warmth,
Ethereal mildneſs reigns.

Beneath its bright, auſpicious beams
No boiſterous paſſions riſe;
Moroſeneſs quits the peaceful ſcene,
And baleful Diſcord flies.

A thouſand nameleſs beauties ſpring,
A thouſand virtues glow;
A ſmiling train of joys appear,
And endleſs bleſſings flow.

Unbounded Charity diſplays
Her ſympathizing charms;
And Friendſhip's pure ſeraphic flame
The generous boſom warms.

Almighty Love exerts his power,
And ſpreads with ſecret art
A ſoft ſenſation through the frame,
A tranſport through the heart.

Nor ſhall the ſtorms of age, which cloud
Each gleam of ſenſual joy,
And blaſt the gaudy flower's pride,
Theſe bleſt effects deſtroy.

When that fair form ſhall ſink in years,
And all thoſe graces fly;
The beauty of thy heavenly mind
Shall length of days defy.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.

HAPPY they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love;
Where Friendſhip full exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem, enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.——
——What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp, whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven?

Meantime a ſmiling offſpring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye whom the ſudden tear
Surpriſes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All-various nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
'Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells

With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

BY POPE.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt along the moonlight ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—But why that bleeding boſom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in Heaven a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.

Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen pris'ners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like eaſtern kings, a lazy ſtate they keep,
And cloſe confin'd to their own palace ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
"Lo! theſe were they whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,
"And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
"Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
"The gaze of fools, and pageants of a day!

" So periſh all whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
" For others' good, or melt at others' woe."
What can atone (oh ever injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public ſhow;
What though no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face;
What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſs'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy relics made.
So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;

A heap of duſt alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle buſ'neſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

L'ALLEGRO.

BY MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven ſings;
There, under ebon ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddeſs fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphroſyne,

And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as ſome ſages ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the ſweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the barn door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before;
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight;
While the plowman near at hand
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Strait mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the landſcape round it meaſures,
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray;
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavory dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat handed Phyllis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bow'r ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind the ſheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade:

And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holy-day,
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he by friar's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin ſweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towered cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men;
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk, and antique pageantry;
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Jonſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of harmony;
That Orpheus' ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elyſian flowers, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that people the ſunbeams,
Or likelieſt hovering dreams
The fickle penſioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddeſs, ſage and holy!
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid Wiſdom's hue;
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem:
Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties' praiſe above
The ſea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
Thee bright hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;

His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a ſtain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penſive nun, devote and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hear the Muſes in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring
Him that yon' ſoars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night:
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chantreſs, oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-ſong;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the heaven's wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud;
Oft on a plat of riſing ground
I hear the far-off curfew ſound,
Over ſome wide water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar:
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
Th' immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook;
And of thoſe demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes as, warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.

Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarſife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſoleman tunes have ſung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and flounc'd as ſhe was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved ſtroke

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd choir below,
A service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Diſſolve me into ecſtaſies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every ſtar that heaven doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew;
Till old Experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

BY MR. BROOKE.

'TIS ſaid of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy ſex! who only claim
A being in the breath of Fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That ſweep Sabæa's ſpicy vales,
Nor all the healing ſweets reſtore,
That breathe along Arabia's ſhore.
The trav'ller, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure;

But woman! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close.
Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd in life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose,
'Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.
Are there no offerings to atone
For but a single error?—None.
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mold,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.
The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,

The moon repletes her waining face,
All-beauteous, from her late diſgrace,
And ſuns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent riſe with new-born light.
In vain may death and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart.
'Tis hence reviving warmth is ſeen
To clothe a naked world in green,
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing,
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed ſtem, and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh and to riſe.
And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er like ev'ning ſuns decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire
In ſome unguarded hour expire,
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte and ſacred ſhade,

Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſs'd,
The dragon Honour charm'd to reſt,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin ſplendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore;
And woman falls, to riſe no more.

Within this ſublunary ſphere
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all, who tread poetic ground.
A ſtream call'd Life acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of Vice the province lies;
And there, the hills of Virtue riſe.

Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confeſs'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth;

White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chaſtity the name ſhe bore.
As now the maid in ſtature grew,
(A flow'r juſt op'ning to the view)
Oft' thro' her native lawns ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd,
The morn her radiant bluſh aſſum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature yearly took delight,
Like her, to dreſs the world in white.
But when her riſing form was ſeen
To reach the criſis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious ſtep their darling led;
By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſs'd:
" O joyful cauſe of many a care!
" O daughter, too divinely fair!
" Yon world on this important day
" Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
" A painful journey all muſt go,
" Whoſe doubtful period none can know,
" Whoſe due direction who can find,
" Where reaſon 's mute, and ſenſe is blind?
" Ah, what unequal leaders theſe,
" Thro' ſuch a wide, perplexing maze!

" Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
" And learn what love and years adviſe.
" Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
" Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
" Lo, there the arduous path's in view,
" Which Virtue and her ſons purſue;
" With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
" And gain, and gain upon the ſkies.
" Narrow's the way her children tread,
" No walk for Pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread,
" But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
" Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
" Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
" A food indelicate to ſenſe,
" Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
" Pure health, with cheerful vigour, flows,
" And ſtrength, unfeeling of decay,
" Throughout the long laborious way.
" Hence, as they ſcale that heav'nly road,
" Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
" From earth refining ſtill they go,
" And leave the mortal weight below;
" Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
" And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
" For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
" And, taught by Virtue, Pain can pleaſe.
" At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
" And near the bright celeſtial ſhore,

" A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
" Appears, of either world the bound,
" Thro' darkneſs leading up to light;
" Senſe backward ſhrinks and ſhuns the ſight;
" For there the tranſitory train
" Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
" And matter's groſs incumb'ring maſs,
" Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs,
" But ſinking, quit th' immortal charge,
" And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large,
" Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
" And mingles with eternal day.
" Thither, O thither wing thy ſpeed,
" Tho' pleaſure charm, or pain impede;
" To ſuch th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
" For preſent earth, a future heav'n;
" For trivial loſs, unmeaſur'd gain,
" And endleſs bliſs, for tranſient pain.
" Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight,
" Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
" Wide on the left the path-way bends,
" And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;
" There ſweet to ſenſe, and fair to ſhow,
" New-planted Edens ſeem to blow,
" Trees that delicious poiſon bear,
" For death is vegetable there.
" Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
" Each ſinew ſlack'ning at the taſte,

" The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
" And ſees with organs not her own;
" While, like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
" Pleas'd with the ſhadowy dream of light,
" Before her alienated eyes,
" The ſcenes of fairy-land ariſe;
" The puppet world's amuſing ſhow,
" Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
" Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
" The toys of infants, and of kings,
" That tempt along the baneful plain
" The idly wiſe and lightly vain,
" 'Till verging on the gulphy ſhore,
" Sudden they ſink, and riſe no more.
" But liſt to what thy fates declare;
" Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
" If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
" Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
" For thee, loſt maid, for thee alone,
" Nor pray'rs ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
" Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate,
" On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait,
" Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
" And ev'ry foot thy preſence fly."
Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
A charm by truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſs'd.

Forth from her ſacred eye-lids ſent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honour, hand-maid late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-ſtruck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin viſion bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever new delight,
And caught freſh virtue at the ſight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, ſure the moſt refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where-e'er ſhe paſſes thouſands bend,
And thouſands, where ſhe moves, attend;
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps purſuing praiſes bleſs;
While to the elevated maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth, no more ſuppreſs'd,
New melts the froſt in every breaſt,
The cheek with ſecret flaſhing dyes,
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes;
The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws,

And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While Nature, as from bonds ſet free,
Springs out, and gives a looſe to glee.
And now for momentary reſt,
The Nymph her travell'd ſtep repreſs'd,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height ſhe gain'd.
Out-ſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey,
The realms of ſweet Perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe;
To ſee a world ſo loſt below;
When ſtrait the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk, and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſs'd,
The very triumph of the bleſs'd.
The Maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens ſung:
" Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
" Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte
" What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
" Joys, too mighty to be told;
" Taſte what extaſies they give,
" Dying raptures taſte, and live.

" In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
" Nature empties all her treaſure,
" Soft deſires, that ſweetly languiſh,
" Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
" Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
" Brighteſt beauty, come away.
" Liſt not when the froward chide,
" Sons of pedantry and pride,
" Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
" April ſunſhine is offence;
" Age and envy will adviſe,
" E'en againſt the joy they prize.
" Come, in Pleaſure's balmy bowl
" Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
" 'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
" With enjoyment, paſt the painting;
" Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
" Brighteſt beauty, come away."

So ſung the Syrens, as of yore,
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;
And, O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulyſſes on the main,
That ſo our fair-one might withſtand
The covert ruin now at hand.

The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity, with prying eyes,
And hands of buſy, bold empriſe;

Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore-running Fancy, fleet.
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,
Taſteleſs of ev'ry good poſſeſs'd,
And but in expectation bleſs'd.
With her, aſſociate, Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight;
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kiſſing winds around.
As erſt Meduſa's looks were known
To turn beholders into ſtone,
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd.
With ſmiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd;
While half conſenting, half denying,
Repugnant now, and now complying,

Amidſt a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down and down the winning Pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling, yielding Fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barea's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land
Lurks the dire rock and dang'rous ſand;
The pilot warns with ſail and oar
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore
In vain; the tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
'Till found'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to ſin,
And Heaven's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious, ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The Dames, accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long reluctant Maid.
Here ſtop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there:
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn to you, and heav'n, reſtor'd;

Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate,
With Honour left upon the ſhore,
Her friend, and handmaid, now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,
But o'er her failing caſt a veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourſelves are frail.

And now from all-enquiring light
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The Damſel from a ſhort repoſe,
Confounded at her plight, aroſe.

As when, with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſs'd,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas turns the glebe to oar,
And ſtands all wrapt amidſt his ſtore,
But wakens, naked, and deſpoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the Nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone;
Within, without, obſcure, and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd.
And, "O thou curs'd, inſidious coaſt!
"Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?

« Theſe, Virtue! theſe the joys they find,
« Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
« Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
« Ye mountains, cover me!" ſhe cry'd.
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky;
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face,
And ſoil'd and blaſted ev'ry grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While thoſe, in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd, to whiten at her ſide,
And ev'ry lewd inſulting dame
Upon her folly roſe to fame.
What ſhould ſhe do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deſerted ſhore?
So truſting, back the Mourner flew,
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.
Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd;
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhews her inſtant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends,
Where late ſhe left an hoſt of friends;
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine,

With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coaſt
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hoſtile clamour given,
And from the face of friendſhip driven,
The Nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant ſat, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine!
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and ſolar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw,

Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.
Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite Fair;
And, with a voice whoſe awful ſound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill;
To numbers bow'd each liſt'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main,
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung:

" Lovely Penitent, ariſe,
" Come and claim thy kindred ſkies,
" Come, thy ſiſter angels ſay,
" Thou haſt wept thy ſtains away.
" Let experience now decide
" 'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
" In the ſmooth enchanted ground,
" Say, unfold the treaſures found.
" Structures rais'd by morning dreams,
" Sands that trip the flitting ſtreams,
" Down that anchors on the air,
" Clouds that paint their changes there.

" Seas that ſmoothly dimpling lie,
" While the ſtorm impends on high,
" Shewing in an obvious glaſs,
" Joys that in poſſeſſion paſs.
" Tranſient, fickle, light, and gay,
" Flatt'ring only to betray,
" What, alas! can life contain?
" Life! like all its circles—vain.
" Will the ſtork, intending reſt,
" On the billow build her neſt?
" Will the bee demand his ſtore
" From the bleak and bladeleſs ſhore?
" Man alone, intent to ſtray,
" Ever turns from wiſdom's way,
" Lays up wealth in foreign land,
" Sows the ſea, and plows the ſand.
" Soon this elemental maſs,
" Soon th' incumb'ring world ſhall paſs,
" Form be wrapt in waſting fire,
" Time be ſpent, and life expire.
" Then, ye boaſted works of men,
" Where is your aſylum then?
" Sons of Pleaſure, ſons of Care,
" Tell me, mortals, tell me where?
" Gone, like traces on the deep,
" Like a ſcepter graſp'd in ſleep,
" Dews exhal'd from morning-glades,
" Melting ſnows, and gliding ſhades.

" Paſs the world, and what's behind?—
" Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
" From an univerſe deprav'd,
" From the wreck of nature ſav'd.
" Like the life-ſupporting grain,
" Fruit of patience and of pain,
" On the ſwain's autumnal day,
" Winnow'd from the chaff away.
" Little trembler, fear no more,
" Thou haſt plenteous crops in ſtore;
" Seed, by genial ſorrows ſown,
" More than all thy ſcorners own.
" What tho' hoſtile earth deſpiſe,
" Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
" Heav'n thy friendleſs ſteps ſhall guide,
" Chear thy hours, and guard thy ſide.
" When the fatal trump ſhall ſound,
" When th' immortals pour around,
" Heaven ſhall thy return atteſt,
" Hail'd by myriads of the bleſt.
" Little native of the ſkies,
" Lovely penitent, ariſe,
" Calm thy boſom, clear thy brow,
" Virtue is thy ſiſter now.
" More delightful are my woes,
" Than the rapture pleaſure knows;
" Richer far the weeds I bring,
" Than the robes that grace a king.

" On my wars, of ſhorteſt date,
" Crowns of endleſs triumph wait;
" On my cares a period bleſt,
" On my toils eternal reſt.
" Come, with Virtue at thy ſide,
" Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
" 'Till we gain our native ſhore,
" Siſter, come, and turn no more."

ADAM's MORNING HYMN.

BY MILTON.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above theſe heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe Thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn

With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance, not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſtreaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,

Melodious murmurs warbling, tune his praiſe.
Join voices, all ye living ſouls, ye birds,
That ſinging up to heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail, univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

DISCOURSE BETWEEN ADAM AND EVE ON RETIRING TO REST.

BY THE SAME.

NOW came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung:
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſapphires. Heſperus, that led

The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon,
Riſing in cloudleſs majeſty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair conſort, th' hour
"Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt,
"Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
"Labour and reſt, as day and night, to men
"Succeſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep,
"Now falling with ſoft ſlumb'rous weight, inclines
"Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
"Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
"Man hath his daily work of body or of mind
"Appointed, which declares his dignity,
"And the regard of heav'n on all his ways;
"While other animals unactive range,
"And of their doings God takes no account.
"To-morrow, ere freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
"With firſt approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
"And at our pleaſant labour, to reform
"Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green
"Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
"That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
"More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth;
"Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
"That lie beſtrown, unſightly and unſmooth,
"Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe:
"Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us reſt."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
" My author and diſpoſer, what thou bidſt
" Unargu'd I obey; ſo God ordains:
" God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
" Is woman's happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
" With thee converſing, I forget all time;
" All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
" Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
" With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
" When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
" His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
" Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
" After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
" Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night,
" With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
" And theſe the gems of Heaven, her ſtarry train:
" But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
" With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
" On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
" Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhow'rs;
" Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night
" With this her ſolemn bird; nor walk by moon
" Or glitt'ring ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.
" But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe? for whom
" This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?"
To whom our general anceſtor reply'd:
" Daughter of God and man, accompliſh'd Eve,
" Theſe have their courſe to finiſh round the earth

" By morrow evening, and from land to land
" In order, though to nations yet unborn,
" Miniſt'ring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
" Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain
" Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
" In nature and in all things; which theſe ſoft fires
" Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
" Of various influence foment and warm,
" Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
" Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
" On earth, made hereby apter to receive
" Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
" Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
" Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
" That Heav'n would want ſpectators, God want praiſe.
" Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
" Unſeen, both when we wake and when we ſleep:
" All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
" Both day and night. How often from the ſteep
" Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
" Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
" Sole, or reſponſive to each other's note,
" Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
" While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
" With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds;
" In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
" Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."
Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bower.

MARRIAGE:

A VISION.

BY DR. COTTON.

FAIREST, this Viſion is thy due,
I form'd th' inſtructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thought:ful age,
Your welfare actuates every page;
But ponder well my ſacred theme,
And tremble, while you read my Dream.
Thoſe awful words, "'till death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought when once a wife;
The die is caſt, and caſt for life;
Yet thouſands venture ev'ry day,
As ſome baſe paſſion leads the way.
Pert Silvia talks of wedlock-ſcenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her Teens;
Smiles on her whining ſpark, and hears
The ſugar'd ſpeech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her ſire and weds a fool;
Want enters at the guardleſs door,
And Love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of ſordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;
Careleſs with what or whom they mate,
Their ruling paſſion's all for ſtate.
But Hymen, gen'rous, juſt, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind:
Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
For Hymen's a vindictive god:
"Be joyleſs every night," he ſaid,
"And barren be their nuptial bed!"
Attend, my fair, to Wiſdom's voice,
A better fate ſhall crown thy choice.
A married life, to ſpeak the beſt,
Is all a lottery conteſt:
Yet if my fair-one will be wiſe,
I will inſure my girl a prize;
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth,
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth.
'Tis an important point to know,
There's no perfection here below.
Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been ſince the Fall.
Say, that he loves you from his ſoul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul;
And tho' a ſlave in Love's ſoft ſchool,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The beſt, in ſhort, has faults about him;
If few thoſe faults, you muſt not flout him.

With ſome, indeed, you can't diſpenſe,
As want of temper and of ſenſe.
For when the ſun deſerts the ſkies,
And the dull winter evenings riſe,
Then for a huſband's ſocial pow'r,
To form the calm, converſive hour;
The treaſures of thy breaſt explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore;
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine;
And give thy native gold to ſhine;
Shew thee, as really thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer ſtill at heart.

Say, when life's purple bloſſoms fade,
As ſoon they muſt, thou charming maid;
When in thy cheeks the roſes die,
And ſickneſs clouds that brilliant eye;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And thoſe dear limbs ſhall call for aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his tranſient paſſion cool?
And when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate perſiſt a friend?
But to a man of ſenſe, my dear,
Ev'n then thou lovely ſhalt appear;
He'll ſhare the griefs that wound thy heart,
And weeping claim the larger part;
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its caſe.

In wedlock when the ſexes meet,
Friendſhip is only then complete.
" Bleſt ſtate! where ſouls each other draw,
" Where love is liberty and law!"
The choiceſt bleſſing found below,
That man can wiſh, or heaven beſtow!
Truſt me, theſe raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine!
Nor fear the varniſh of my ſtyle,
Tho' poet, I'm eſtrang'd to guile.
Ah me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!
When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread———
But who burns incenſe to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careleſs of cenſure or applauſe;
Whoſe ſoul is upright and ſincere,
With nought to wiſh, and nought to fear.
Now to my viſionary ſcheme,
Attend, and profit by my Dream.
Amidſt the ſlumbers of the night
A ſtately temple 'roſe to ſight;
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purpoſes you trace.
This fane, by all the wiſe rever'd,
To Wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.

Hard by I ſaw a graceful ſage,
His locks were froſted o'er by age;
His garb was plain, his mind ſerene,
And wiſdom dignify'd his mien.
With curious ſearch his name I ſought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd ſatyr led the dance:
I griev'd to ſee whole thouſands run,
For oh! what thouſands are undone!
The ſage, when theſe mad troops he ſpy'd,
In pity flew to join their ſide:
The diſconcerted pairs began
To rail againſt him, to a man;
Vow'd they were ſtrangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the ſequel——for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth:
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition ſeiz'd on ev'ry twain;
At every houſe, and all day long,
Repentance ply'd her ſcorpion thong;
Diſguſt was there with frowning mien,
And ev'ry wayward child of ſpleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train:
Love, with each ſoft and nameleſs grace,
Was firſt in favour and in place:

Then came the god with ſolemn gait,
Whoſe ev'ry word was big with fate;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That ſacred ſymbol, fam'd of yore:
Virtue, adorn'd with every charm,
Suſtain'd the god's incumbent arm:
Beauty improv'd the glowing ſcene
With all the roſes of eighteen:
Youth led the gayly ſmiling fair,
His purple pinions wav'd in air:
Wealth, a cloſe hunks, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,
Who threeſcore years had ſeen, or more
('Tis ſaid his coat had ſeen a ſcore);
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
Preſuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts diſplay'd,
Poets alone can paint the maid:
Truſt me, Hogarth, (tho' great thy fame)
'Twould poſe thy ſkill to draw the ſame;
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before:
Now, ſhe was fair as cygnet's down;
Now, as Matt Prior's Emma brown;
And changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dreſs ſhe varied every hour:
'Twas Fancy, child!—You know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and ſets your hair.

Lo! the god mounts his throne of ſtate,
And ſits the arbiter of fate:
His head, with radiant glories dreſt,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breaſt:
Love took his ſtation on the right,
His quiver beam'd with golden light.
Beauty uſurp'd the ſecond place,
Ambitious of diſtinguiſh'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Becauſe related to the boy;
(Said it was her's to point his dart,
And ſpeed its paſſage to the heart)
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their ſtand.
And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thouſand heart-ſtrings bleed.
I ſaw a blooming trembling bride,
A toothleſs lover join'd her ſide;
Averſe ſhe turn'd her weeping face,
And ſhudder'd at the cold embrace.
But various baits their force impart;
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart:
A paſſion much too foul to name,
Coſts ſupercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and ſinners,
The hungry poet weds for dinners.
The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;

By ev'ry vice his altars ſtain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Deſiring to be heard at large.

The god conſents, the throng divide,
The young eſpous'd the plaintiff's ſide;
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For age is money's ſworn attendant.

Love ſaid, that wedlock was deſign'd
By gracious Heaven to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the juſt,
And his the delegated truſt:
That Wealth had play'd a knaviſh part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart;
But what avails the faithleſs voice?
The injur'd heart diſdains the choice——

Wealth ſtrait reply'd, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind;
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at even in romances:
Poets indeed ſtyle love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat;
And love might be delicious fare,
Cou'd we, like poets, live on air.

But grant that angels feaſt on love,
(Thoſe purer eſſences above)
Yet Albion's ſons, he underſtood,
Preferr'd a more ſubſtantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dreſs'd his cauſe,
His grey admirers hemm'd applauſe.

With ſeeming conqueſt pert and proud,
Wealth ſhook his ſides and chuckled loud;
When Fortune, to reſtrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beſide,
Op'ning the miſer's tape-ty'd veſt,
Diſclos'd the cares which ſtung his breaſt:
Wealth ſtood abaſh'd at his diſgrace,
And a deep crimſon fluſh'd his face.

Love ſweetly ſimper'd at the ſight,
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, tho' grave his temper, ſmil'd,
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another:
Such cruel ſcores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind.
For Poverty, that famiſh'd fiend!
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the miſer's place,
And ſtar'd the ſtripling in the face;
Whoſe lips grew pale, and cold as clay;—
I thought the chit would ſwoon away.

The God was ſtudious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquiſh'd boy,
And therefore iſſu'd his decree,
That the two parties ſtrait agree;
When both obey'd the God's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.
What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, ſurpaſſes thought.
If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms ten thouſand more.
If Wealth had ſerpents in his breaſt.
They now were dead, or lull'd to reſt.
Beauty, that vain affected thing,
Who join'd the Hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking face,
And thus the trifler ſtates her caſe:
She ſaid, that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tally'd with her own;
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thouſand hearts;
Deſiring judgement againſt Wealth,
For falſehood, perjury, and ſtealth
All which ſhe could on oath depoſe,
And hop'd the court would ſlit his noſe.
But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd thro' the crowd with angry ſtate,
And blam'd the porter at the gate,

For giving entrance to the fair,
When ſhe was no eſſential there.
To ſink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preſide.
Hence when debates on beauty riſe,
And each bright fair diſputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we ſtrait apply,
And wait the ſentence of her eye;
In Beauty's realms ſhe holds the ſeals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

BY GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

THE counſels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to pleaſe a lady's ear;
Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women ſeldom learn from men.
Nor think I praiſe you ill, when thus I ſhow
What female vanity might fear to know:
Some merit's mine, to dare to be ſincere;
But greater yours, ſincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends purſue:
Lovers and miniſters are ſeldom true.
Hence oft from Reaſon heedleſs Beauty ſtrays,
And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When moſt you tyrannize you're moſt abus'd.
What is your ſex's earlieſt, lateſt care,
Your heart's ſupreme ambition? To be fair:
For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dreſs, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to ſchool,
And each inſtructive feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is giv'n,
Not to diſgrace the partial boon of heav'n!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that were made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to poſſeſs
An elegance of mind as well as dreſs;
Be that your ornament, and know to pleaſe
By graceful Nature's unaffected eaſe.
Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
But wiſely reſt content with modeſt ſenſe;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too ſtrong for feeble women to ſuſtain;
Of thoſe who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of thoſe who have it, are undone.

Be ſtill ſuperior to your ſex's arts,
Nor think diſhoneſty a proof of parts;
For you the plaineſt is the wiſeſt rule,
A Cunning Woman is a Knaviſh Fool.

Be good yourſelf, nor think another's ſhame
Can raiſe your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as ſtateſmen in diſgrace
At miniſters, becauſe they wiſh their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, ſerene,
Without all beauty, and all peace within:
The Honour of a prude is rage and ſtorm,
'Tis uglineſs in its moſt frightful form:
Fiercely it ſtands defying gods and men,
As fiery monſters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's nobleſt ſtation is retreat;
Her faireſt virtues fly from public ſight,
Domeſtic worth, that ſhuns too ſtrong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's taſk reſign:
'Tis our's in ſenates or in courts to ſhine,
To labour for a ſunk corrupted ſtate,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breaſt ſhould move,
Th' important buſineſs of your life is love:
To this great point direct your conſtant aim,
This makes your happineſs, and this your fame.

Be never cool reſerve with paſſion join'd;
With caution chuſe; but then be fondly kind,

The ſelfiſh heart, that but by halves is giv'n,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heav'n;
Here ſweet extremes alone can truly bleſs—
The virtue of a lover is exceſs.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conqueſt juſtifies diſdain;
Short is the period of inſulting pow'r;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will reſume the empire which he gave,
And ſoon the tyrant ſhall become the ſlave.
Bleſt is the maid, and worthy to be bleſt,
Whoſe ſoul, entire by him ſhe loves poſſeſs'd,
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondneſs loſt,
And aſks no pow'r but that of pleaſing moſt:
Her's is the bliſs in juſt return to prove
The honeſt warmth of undiſſembled love;
For her, inconſtant man might ceaſe to range,
And gratitude forbid deſire to change.

But leſt harſh Care the lover's peace deſtroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reaſon teach what Paſſion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence ſhould be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliſs be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
Then waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they ſtain,

And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
Does but increaſe the anguiſh of their grief,
While both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than ſell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you deſpiſe, or hate,
For the vain glare of uſeleſs wealth or ſtate.
The moſt abandoned proſtitutes are they
Who not to love, but Av'rice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the ſpecious name of Wife;
A maid ſo wedded, is a Whore for Life.

Ev'n in the happieſt choice, where fav'ring heaven
Has equal love and eaſy fortune given,
Think not, the huſband gain'd, that all is done;
The prize of happineſs muſt ſtill be won;
And oft, the careleſs find it to their coſt,
The lover in the huſband may be loſt;
The Graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the Virtues meeting muſt ſecure.
Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleaſing dreſs
Of care for him, and anxious tenderneſs.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domeſtic duty ſeem to flow;
Endearing every common act of life,
The miſtreſs ſtill ſhall charm him in the wife!
And wrinkled age ſhall unobſerv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:

Ev'n o'er your cold and ever-ſacred urn,
His conſtant flame ſhall unextinguiſh'd burn.
'Tis thus, Belinda, I your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love;
The taſk were harder to ſecure my own
Againſt the pow'r of thoſe already known;
For well you twiſt the ſecret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd ev'ry ſoft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleaſing, which to you I give.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY DR. PARNELL.

IN Britain's iſle and Arthur's days,
When Midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green:
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Tho' badly ſhap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be ſaid
To meaſure height againſt his head,
And lift itſelf above;
Yet ſpite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Cou'd ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape cou'd win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my ſong,
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where ſportive fairies made reſort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now ſounding tongues aſſail his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,
And now the ſounds increaſe:
And from the corner where he lay
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (truſt me gentles!) never yet
Was dight a maſquing half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before:
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town its ſilken ſtore.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a gallant dreſt
In flaunting robes above the reſt
With awful accent cry'd:
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
"Whoſe ſighs infect the balmy wind,
"Has here preſum'd to hide?"

At this the ſwain, whoſe vent'rous ſoul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open ſight;
"Nor have I cauſe of dreed," he ſaid,
"Who view by no preſumption led
"Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
"Which made my ſteps unweeting rove
"Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well—" the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
"Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
"Be mine the taſk, or ere we part
"To make thee grief reſign;
"Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce;
"Whilſt I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
"Be little Mable thine."

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light muſic floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The reſt their fairie partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a feaſt was made
As heart and lip deſire,
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.

But now to pleaſe the fairie king,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and ſing,
And antic feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

Till one at laſt, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof;
And full againſt the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To ſpraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverſe my charm!" he cries,
"And let it fairly now ſuffice
"The gambol has been ſhown."
But Oberon anſwers with a ſmile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
"The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom play;
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
Was never wight in ſuch a caſe
Thro' all the land before.

But ſoon as Dan Apollo roſe,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs;
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want ſucceſs.

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a dauncing as he walks,
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous Edith ſees the youth
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erſt approv'd,
To ſee the revel ſcene;
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befel,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall:
Up ſprung the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And muſic fills the hall.

But certes ſolely ſunk with woe
Sir Topaz ſees the Elphin ſhow,
His ſpirits in him dye:
When Oberon crys, "A man is near,
"A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
"Hangs flagging in the ſky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapleſs youth!
In accents falt'ring, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
"For als he been a miſter wight
"Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
"To tread the circled haunt."

" Ah Loſell vile!" at once they roar;
" And little ſkill'd of fai
" Thy cauſe to come, we know:
" Now has thy keſtrell courage fell;
" And fairies, ſince a lye you tell,
" Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The captive upward flung;
There like a tortoiſe in a ſhop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
'Till all the rout retreat.

By this the ſtars began to wink,
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down ydrops the knight;
For never ſpell by fairie laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His ſeely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin loſt afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurſe ared;
She ſoftly ſtroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus ſome are born, my ſon," ſhe cries,
"With baſe impediments to riſe,
"And ſome are born with none.

"But virtue can itſelf advance
"To what the fav'rite fools of chance
"By fortune ſeem'd deſign'd:
"Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
"And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
"Upon th' unworthy mind."

ALEXANDER's FEAST.

BY DRYDEN.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The god-like hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtle bound:
So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thaïs by his ſide
Sat, like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride,
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.

The ſong began from Jove;
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.—
The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound;
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of Bacchus, then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain:
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;

Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.—
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With downcaſt look the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.—
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, Hark! the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe,
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Theſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods!
The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeāl to deſtroy;
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to the breathing flute

And ſounding lyre
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

THE HERMIT.

BY BEATTIE.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the grove:
'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain reclin'd,
An Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,
Tho' mournful his voice, his heart was reſign'd,
He thought as a Sage, but he felt as a Man:

" Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkneſs and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy ſad ſtrain?
For Spring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow,
And thy boſom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet if pity inſpire thee, ah ceaſe not thy lay,
Mourn, ſweeteſt complainer, Man calls thee to mourn:
O ſoothe him, whoſe pleaſures like thine paſs away—
Full quickly they paſs,—but they never return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the ſky,
The Moon half-extinguiſh'd her creſcent diſplays:
But lately I mark'd, when majeſtic on high
She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
The path that conducts thee to ſplendor again.—
But Man's faded glory no change ſhall renew,
Ah fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain!

" 'Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave.—
But when ſhall Spring viſit the mouldering urn!
O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS:

WRITTEN 1743,

BY SHENSTONE.

Arbuſta humileſque myricæ. *Virg.*

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo cheerful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I;
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewel.

Since Phyllis vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart?
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart:
She gaz'd as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far-diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all-border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold!
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
Oh how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay;
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As—ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of Love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd when her Corydon ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my Phyllida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is every way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the ſwain,
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phillis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is beſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh, my Phillis! beware
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
" How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
" And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold;
" How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
" With the notes of his charmer to vie;
" How they vary their accents in vain,
" Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
" O Phyllis," he whiſpers, " more fair,
" More ſweet than the jeſſamine's flower!
" What are pinks in the morn to compare?
" What is eglantine after a ſhower?

" Then the lilly no longer is white;
" Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
" Then the violets die with deſpight,
" And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer:
Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy deſpiſe;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a ſtranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo complete would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inſpire;
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe.
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be Corydon's theme.
High tranſports are ſhown to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace!
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound through the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it begun;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love!
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

THE BEGGAR's PETITION.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man!
Whoſe trembling limbs have born him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan;
Oh! give relief—and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

Theſe tatter'd clothes my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a ſtream of tears.

Yon houſe, erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a reſidence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode:

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

Oh! take me to your hoſpitable dome,
Keen blows the wind and piercing is the cold!
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miſerably old.

Should I reveal the ſources of my grief,
If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not withold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repreſt.

Heaven ſends misfortunes—why ſhould we repine!
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the ſtate you ſee:
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
—The child of ſorrow and of miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I ſprightly hail'd the morn,
But ah! oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—ſweet ſoother of my care!
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell—ling'ring fell a victim to deſpair,
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man!
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan;
Oh! give relief—and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

HYMN TO BENEVOLENCE.

BY BLACKLOCK.

HAIL, ſource of tranſport ever new!
While I thy ſtrong impulſe purſue,
I taſte a joy ſincere;
Too vaſt for little minds to know,
Who on themſelves alone beſtow
Their wiſhes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee Felicity began;
Which ſtill thy hand ſuſtains;
By thee ſweet Peace her empire ſpread,
Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,
And Diſcord gnaſh'd in chains.

Far as the pointed ſunbeam flies
Through peopled earth and ſtarry ſkies,
All nature owns thy nod;
We ſee its energy prevail
Through being's ever-riſing ſcale,
From nothing e'en to God.

By thee inſpir'd, the gen'rous breaſt,
In bleſſing others only bleſt;
With goodneſs large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to ſtay,
To teach the blind their ſmootheſt way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my boſom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
Through ev'ry action ſhine;
Each low, each ſelfiſh wiſh controul;
With all thy eſſence warm my ſoul,
And make me wholly thine.

If from thy ſacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleaſures glow:
Baniſh'd from God, from bliſs, and thee,
My own tormentor let me be,
And groan in hopeleſs woe.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN:

BY GOLDSMITH.

NEAR yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More ſkill'd to raiſe the wretched, than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sat by his fire and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careleſs their merits or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the ſkies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain by turns diſmay'd,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his controul,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt faltering accents whiſper'd praiſe.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given;
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heaven.

As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Though round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

PROVIDENCE.

AN HYMN.

BY ADDISON.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,

My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

GRATITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe!

O! how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries
  Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
  To form themſelves in pray'r

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
  Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
  From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
  With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
  And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
  It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
  More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
  With health renew'd my face,
And when in ſins and ſorrow ſunk,
  Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
  Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
  Has doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death, in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For, oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

CREATION.

BY THE SAME.

THE lofty pillars of the ſky,
And ſpacious concave rais'd on high,
Spangled with ſtars, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim;

Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Pours knowledge on his golden ray,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wonderous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

THE WISH.

BY MERRICK.

HOW ſhort is life's uncertain ſpace!
Alas! how quickly done!
How ſwift the wild precarious chace!
And yet how difficult the race,
How very hard to run!

Youth ſtops at firſt its wilful ears
To wiſdom's prudent voice;
Till now arriv'd to riper years,
Experienced Age, worn out with cares,
Repents its earlier choice.

What though its proſpects now appear
So pleaſing and refin'd;
Yet groundleſs hope, and anxious fear,
By turns the buſy moments ſhare,
And prey upon the mind.

Since then falſe joys our fancy cheat
With hopes of real bliſs;
Ye guardian pow'rs that rule my fate,
The only wiſh that I create,
Is all compriz'd in this:

May I through life's uncertain tide,
Be ſtill from pain exempt;
May all my wants be ſtill ſupply'd,
My ſtate too low t' admit of pride,
And yet above contempt.

But ſhould your providence divine
A greater bliſs intend;
May all thoſe bleſſings you deſign,
(If e'er thoſe bleſſings ſhall be mine)
Be center'd in a Friend.

SONNETS.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the ſilver bow!—by thy pale beam,
Alone and penſive, I delight to ſtray,
And watch thy ſhadow trembling in the ſtream,
Or mark the floating clouds that croſs thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a ſoft calm upon my troubled breaſt;
And oft I think,—fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have reſt:
The ſufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death—to thy benignant ſphere
And the ſad children of deſpair and woe
Forget, in thee, their cup of ſorrow here.
Oh! that I ſoon may reach thy world ſerene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling ſcene!

ON THE DEPARTURE of the NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu!
Farewell, ſoft minſtrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou ſhalt ſing anew,
And pour thy muſic on the 'night's dull ear.'

Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether ſilent in our groves you dwell,
The penſive muſe ſhall own thee for her mate,
And ſtill protect the ſong ſhe loves ſo well.
With cautious ſtep, the love-lorn youth ſhall glide
Thro' the lone brake that ſhades thy moſſy neſt;
And ſhepherd girls from eyes profane ſhall hide
The gentle bird, who ſings of pity beſt:
For ſtill thy voice ſhall ſoft affections move,
And ſtill be dear to ſorrow, and to love!

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

BY JOHN OGILVIE, D. D.

'TWAS when the ſlow declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold;
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No ſound diſturb'd the ſleeping fold;

When by a murmuring rill reclin'd,
Sat wrapt in thought a wandering ſwain;
Calm peace compos'd his muſing mind;
And thus he rais'd the flowing ſtrain:

"Hail, Innocence! celeſtial maid!
"What joys thy bluſhing charms reveal!
"Sweet as the arbour's cooling ſhade,
"And milder than the vernal gale.

" On thee attends a radiant quire,
" Soft ſmiling Peace, and downy Reſt,
" With Love that prompts the warbling lyre,
" And Hope that ſooths the throbbing breaſt.

" O ſent from heav'n to haunt the grove,
" Where ſquint-ey'd Envy ne'er can come;
" Nor pines the cheek with luckleſs love,
" Nor anguiſh chills the living bloom;

" But ſpotleſs Beauty rob'd in white,
" Sits on yon moſs-green hill reclin'd;
" Serene as heaven's unſully'd light,
" And pure as Delia's gentle mind:

" Grant heav'nly Power! thy peaceful ſway
" May ſtill my ruder thoughts controul;
" Thy hand to point my dubious way,
" Thy voice to ſoothe the melting ſoul!

" Far in the ſhady ſweet retreat
" Let thought beguile the lingering hour;
" Let quiet court the moſſy ſeat,
" And twining olives form the bower.

" Let dove-ey'd Peace her wreath beſtow;
" And oft ſit liſtening in the dale,
" While night's ſweet warbler from the bough
" Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

" Soft as in Delia's ſnowy breaſt,
" Let each conſenting paſſion move,
" Let angels watch its ſilent reſt,
" And all its bliſsful dreams be love."

VIRTUE AND ORNAMENT:

TO THE LADIES.

BY DR. FORDYCE.

THE diamond's and the ruby's rays
Shine with a milder, finer flame,
And more attract our love and praiſe
Than Beauty's ſelf, if loſt to Fame.

But the ſweet tear in Pity's eye
Tranſcends the Diamonds brighteſt beams;
And the ſoft bluſh of Modeſty
More precious than the Ruby ſeems.

The glowing gem, the ſparkling ſtone,
May ſtrike the ſight with quick ſurpriſe;
But Truth and Innocence alone
Can ſtill engage the good and wiſe.

No glitt'ring ornament or ſhow
Will ought avail in grief or pain:
Only from inward worth can flow
Delight that ever ſhall remain,

Behold, ye fair, your lovely Queen!
'Tis not her jewels but her mind;
A meeker, purer, ne'er was ſeen;
It is her Virtue charms mankind!

VIRTUE AND PLEASURE.

BY THE SAME.

INFORM me, VIRTUE! Is it true?
Does PLEASURE really dwell with you?
The ſons of ſenſe ſay, No.
They ſay, that all who mind your rules
Are gloomy ſuperſtitious fools,
And every joy forego.

They ſay, and openly maintain,
That your rewards are care and pain;
And while on heav'n you preach,
At beſt 'tis but a phantom fair,
The ſoul is mortal, melts in air,
And heav'n ſhall never reach.

Or tell me, PLEASURE! what you feel;
Speak honeſtly, nor aught conceal:
The matter is of weight.
PLEASURE, ſweet power, to Nature dear!
I never wiſh to be auſtere;
I ſeek the happieſt ſtate.

PLEASURE replies with modeſt ſmile,
" Let not a name thy heart beguile;
" My name the ſons of ſenſe
" Have oft aſſum'd: but, truſt me, they
" From happineſs are far aſtray;
" 'Tis all a mere pretence.

" To me they boaſt alliance near;
" As men of pleaſure, men of cheer,
" If you will them believe.
" Meanwhile they are of CIRCE's crew,
" Wretched, defil'd; with painted hue,
" Weak mortals to deceive.

" CIRCE, my rival, harlet baſe!
" Her poiſon'd cup the human race
" To frenzy can inflame:
" Her blinded followers ſhe betrays;
" Her ſpecious arts, her flowery ways,
" Lead on to guilt and ſhame.

" Mine is a purer, nobler riſe,
" VIRTUE, my parent, from the ſkies
" Came down to bleſs the earth
" With me, the child ſhe bore to LOVE,
" A beauteous happy pair above,
" And here of higheſt worth!

" VIRTUE, I grant, is often tried
" By ſickneſs, ſorrow, envy, pride;
" Nor is aſham'd to mourn.
" But trial ſtrengthens: conſcience cheers,
" Of death and woe prevents the fears:
" Aſſaults to vict'ry turn.

" Of active life the hard turmoils,
" The patriot's cares, the hero's toils,
" In brighter triumphs end.
" Of friendſhip, ſympathy, the pains,
" A gen'rous ſoul accounts her gains,
" While all the good commend.

" But who can paint the heartfelt glow
" Of holy love, of thought the flow
" Reciprocal, ſincere;
" Faith's firm repoſe, hope's viſion bright,
" Of God's approving face the light,
" Of prayer the rapt'rous tear?

" Nor deem ſuch bliſs an empty form;
" 'Tis ſolid, will defy the ſtorm,
" And keep the breaſt ſerene:
" When all the merriment of Vice,
" A low-born vapour, ſudden flies,
" And leaves a void within.

" An aching void where nought can come,
" But ſelf-reproach, and ſecret gloom,
" Earneſt of future woe!
" Let braggart ſinners loudly boaſt:
" To joy, to peace, to comfort loſt,
" True heart they do not know.

" They dare not face rich Folly's frown;
" To ſaucy Greatneſs they bow down.
" Held faſt in Paſſion's chain
" They talk of liberty: 'tis prate.
" The ſlaves of appetite and fate,
" They ſtart at every pain.

" Leſt Death their trembling ſouls ſhould ſeize,
" Their blood with mortal horrors freeze,
" And all their proſpects end.
" At that inevitable hour,
" My parent, VIRTUE, proves her power,
" An everlaſting Friend!

" In life, in death, I follow her;
" She, ſhe alone, can joys confer,
" To fill the human heart:
" From heav'n together firſt we came:
" Conſtant we breathe one common flame,
" And never, never part!"

SPRING:

AN ODE.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repreſs'd,
Forbears the long continued ſtrife;
And Nature, on her naked breaſt,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleaſure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And Vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny conſigns;
Whom ſmiling Nature courts in vain,
Tho' Rapture ſings and Beauty ſhines.

Yet tho' my limbs diſeaſe invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful ſhades
Where ——'s humble turrets riſe.

Here ſtop, my ſoul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleaſing groves depart,
Where firſt great Nature charm'd my ſight,
Where Wiſdom firſt inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales purſue
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great Nature's works renew,
Once more on Wiſdom's voice attend.

From falſe careſſes, cauſeleſs ſtrife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the uſe of life,
When beſt enjoy'd—when moſt improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool Meditation's quiet ſeat,
The generous ſcorn of venal power,
The ſilent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatneſs climbs,
Or raging factions ruſh to war,
Here let me learn to ſhun the crimes
I can't prevent and will not ſhare.

But leſt I fall by ſubtler foes,
Bright Wiſdom! teach me Curio's art,
The ſwelling paſſions to compoſe,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

THE MIDSUMMER's WISH:

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

O PHŒBUS! down the weſtern ſky,
Far hence diffuſe thy burning ray,
Thy light to diſtant worlds ſupply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of Care,
Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night;
Refreſh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature ſpreads;
Where the green bower, with roſes crown'd,
In ſhowers its fragrant foliage ſheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let muſic die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every ſtrain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vaſt deſires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inſpires.

Whilſt all my wiſh and thine complete,
By turns we languiſh and we burn,
Let ſighing gales our ſighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to reſt,
And bluſhing ſkies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breaſt,
And bid the waking world farewel.

AUTUMN:

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

ALAS! with ſwift and ſilent pace
Impatient Time rolls on the year;
The ſeaſons change, and Nature's face
Now ſweetly ſmiles, now frowns ſevere.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are ſwept away,
And Summer fruits deſert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the weſtern breeze,
Now trod in duſt neglected lie,
As Boreas ſtrips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruſſet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moiſt with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor Health, nor Pleaſure wanders there.

No more while thro' the midnight ſhade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I ſtray,
Soft pleaſing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime ſhe ſoars,
O! would ſome god but wings ſupply,
To where each morn the Spring reſtores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wiſh! me fate compels to bear
The downward ſeaſon's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And ſhiver on a blaſted plain.

What bliſs to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and ſhowers, and ſtorms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty power.

Haſte—preſs the cluſters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! ſhoot thy parting ray:
This gives the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
This god of health, and verſe, and day.

Still—ſtill the jocund ſtrain ſhall flow,
The pulſe with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms ſhall glow,
And every bliſs in wine ſhall meet.

WINTER:

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

NO more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon ſpreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve diſtills the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Uſurping darkneſs ſhares the day;
Her miſts reſtrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful ſway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With ſighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafleſs wood, the naked field,
The ſnow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No muſic warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious ſteps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now ſought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempeſt roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous ſhowers deſcend;
Haſte, cloſe the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella and a friend.

In nature's aid let art ſupply
With light and heat my little ſphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a conſtellation here.

Let muſic ſound the voice of joy!
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the ſeaſon wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale ſhall pleaſe no more;
Nor muſic charm—tho' Stella ſings;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring reſtore.

Catch then, O! catch the tranſient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a ſhort Summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! how ſoon he dies!

THE WINTER's WALK,

BY THE SAME.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary proſpects round us riſe;
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies!

Nor only through the waſted plain,
Stern Winter! is thy force confeſs'd;
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power uſurp my breaſt.

Enlivening Hope and fond Deſire
Reſign the heart to Spleen and Care;
Scarce frighted Love maintains her fire,
And Rapture ſaddens to deſpair.

In groundleſs Hope, and cauſeleſs Fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The ſlave of ſunſhine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and falſe alarms,
With mental and corporeal ſtrife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And ſcreen me from the ills of life.

HYMN

IN THE

ORATORIO OF ABEL.

HOW cheerful along the gay mead,
The daiſy and cowſlip appear,
The flocks as they careleſsly feed,
Rejoice in the ſpring of the year;
The myrtles that ſhade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that ſprings from the ſod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and ſweet flow'rs,
All riſe to the praiſe of my God.

Shall man, the great maſter of all,
The only inſenſible prove?
Forbid it fair Gratitude's call,
Forbid it, Devotion and Love.
The Lord who ſuch wonders could raiſe,
And ſtill can deſtroy with a nod,
My lips ſhall inceſſantly praiſe,
My ſoul ſhall be wrapt in my God!

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

A FABLE.

BY GAY.

THE wind was high, the window ſhakes,
With ſudden ſtart the Miſer wakes;
Along the ſilent room he ſtalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks,
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries,
Then opes the cheſt with treaſure ſtor'd,
And ſtands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with ſudden qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breaſt,
By conſcience ſtung, he wildly ſtares,
And thus his guilty ſoul declares:

Had the deep earth her ſtores confin'd,
This heart had known ſweet peace of mind.
But virtue's ſold. Good Gods! what price
Can recompenſe the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! ſeducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold baniſh'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold ſow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's ſword to kill:

'Twas gold inſtructed coward hearts
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the miſchiefs o'er?
Virtue reſides on earth no more!
He ſpoke and ſigh'd. In angry mood
PLUTUS, his god, before him ſtood.
The Miſer, trembling, lock'd his cheſt;
The viſion frown'd, and thus addreſt:

Whence is this wild ungrateful rant?
Each ſordid raſcal's daily cant:
Did I, baſe wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Becauſe my bleſſings are abus'd,
Muſt I be cenſur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n Virtue's ſelf by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodg'd in their poſſeſſion)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppreſſion.
Thus, when the villain crams his cheſt,
Gold is the canker of the breaſt;
'Tis av'rice, inſolence, and pride,
And every ſhocking vice beſide:
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It bleſſes, like the dews of Heaven:
Like Heav'n it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.

Their crimes on gold ſhall Miſers lay,
Who pawn'd their ſordid ſouls for pay?
Let bravoes, then (when blood is ſpilt)
Upbraid the paſſive ſoul with guilt.

TO THE MEMORY OF
DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

JANUARY 20, 1779.

THOU great reviver of the Attic fire!
Thou nobleſt patron of the tuneful lyre!
Thine was the power, and thine the gentle art,
To ſwell the paſſions, and ſubdue the heart!
For thee, the faireſt breaſt has heav'd a ſigh,
And the tear ſtarted from the brighteſt eye!
Learning and wit alike have bow'd the knee,
And hermits left their cells to gaze on thee!
On thee ſhall charm'd remembrance love to reſt;
Come every Muſe, and ſtrive to praiſe him beſt!
For, ah! my lute the tribute cannot pay,
And the big tear has blotted out the lay!
Ye ſkilful nine, who ſhall the chaplet weave?
Hail his bright day!—nor mourn his tranquil eve!
Your Garrick hail!—he breathes, he lives again,
Lives in the thought, and breathes in every ſtrain!
Triumphant Fame enrols his acts on high,
And tells the mourner—Garrick cannot die!

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

BY GAY.

WHETHER amid the gloom of Night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my ſenſe
Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of Night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty loſt:
No diſtant landſcapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies:
Yet ſtill, even now, while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of ſtars in heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundleſs ſphere:
The ſilver moon her weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes;
Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether thoſe ſtars that twinkling luſtre ſend
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare—
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are;
But this we know, that Heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can, at his word, bid num'rous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-powerful word ſhall hear.

When to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends:
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe;
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow ſoil.
While we in ſleep's embraces waſte the night.
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.

When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall Night's alternate reign be known;
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from the Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh! may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy.
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever ſhine the ſame.

MAY-EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

THE ſilver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals ſoftly thro' the night;
To wanton with the winding ſtream,
And kiſs reflected light.
To beds of ſtate, go balmy ſleep!
'Tis where you've ſeldom been;
Mays vigil while the ſhepherds keep,
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In roſy chaplets gay;
'Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldeſt notes,
We'll rouſe the nodding grove;
The neſted birds ſhall raiſe their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And ſee—the matin lark miſtakes,
He quits the tufted green;
Fond bird! it isn't the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightſome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove;
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For ſee! the roſy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy ſhepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

TO DREAMS.

A SONNET.

BY MISS MARY JULIA YOUNG.

HAIL gentle ſpirits, who with magic wing,
Chaſe the dark clouds of ſullen night away;
And from her murky cave, my freed ſoul bring,
To revel in the radiant beams of day!

What are you, ſay: or earthly, or divine,
Who thus can cheer the pauſe of dull repoſe?
With chemic art the droſs of ſleep refine,
And beauteous ſcenes to curtain'd eyes diſcloſe.

What are you, who ſubduing time and ſpace,
To bleſs theſe moments can a friend reſtore;
I hear that voice—behold that form,—that face,
And grateful own—your power can give no more.
Hail gentle ſpirits! to whoſe guardian care
I owe ſuch bliſs—yet know not what you are.

CRAZY JANE.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S BEING ALARMED AT A MAD WOMAN, KNOWN BY THAT APPELLATION.

WHY fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
Are ſuch ſigns of fear expreſs'd?
Can a wand'ring wretched creature,
With ſuch terror fill thy breaſt?
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Truſt me ſweet—thy fears are vain;
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Doſt thou weep to ſee my anguiſh?
Mark me! and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, ſigh and languiſh,
[illegible]—I found them ſo:
Think them [illegible]
For I lov'd—Oh ſo ſincerely,
None could ever love again;
But the youth I lov'd ſo dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He ſigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,
He was falſe—and I undone.

From that hour has reaſon never
Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beſet;
On that ſpot where laſt we parted,
On that ſpot where firſt we met.
Still I ſing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I ſlowly pace the plain;
While each paſſer-by in pity
Cries—God help thee Crazy Jane!

TO HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

BY POMFRET.

I WOULD not have you, Strephon, chuſe a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a ſtate—
For in [illegible],
[illegible] theſe we may expect to find,
A creeping ſpirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region ſhares
The leaſt diſquiets, and the ſmalleſt cares;
Let her extraction with true luſtre ſhine,
If ſomething brighter, not too bright for thine;
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior; nor above her ſtate.

Let her have wit, but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry;
For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much:
But chiefly let her humour close with thine,
Unless where your's does to a fault incline:
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulph'rous blasts, the very buds of joys.
Her person amiable, strait, and free
From natural, or chance deformity:
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine,
For women past their vigour soon decline.
Her fortune competent; and if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right:
If thine's enough, then her's may be the less;
Do not aspire to riches in excess—
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel *sufficiency* and *love*.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

BY BLAIR.

BUT see! the well-plum'd h[illegible]
Stately and slow [illegible] comes nodding on,
By [illegible], and properly attended
[illegible]e whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,

By letting out their perſons by the hour
To mimic ſorrow, when the heart's not ſad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glittering in the Sun! Triumphant entries
Of Conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory ſcarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard the unwieldy ſhew; whilſt from the caſements,
And houſes tops, ranks behind ranks cloſe wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waſte?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcaſe
That's fallen into diſgrace, and in the noſtril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midſt all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty ſtir? 'Tis wiſely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter caſts diſcreetly into ſhades.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

ON HEARING THE TOLLING OF A BELL.

THE REV. MR. RIVERS.

By [illegible] ſoul,
A PENSIVE ſadneſs overwhelms my [illegible]
And fills my mind with melancholy dread;
For hark! I hear the ſolemn awful toll,
That leads my thoughts to contemplate the dead.

Perhaps ſome gay Lothario now is laid
In "narrow cell," and freed from mortal care:
Perhaps ſome charming artleſs lovely maid,
Her ſex's pride, the faireſt of the fair.

Ah! what is beauty, what is elegance?
What is the radiance of the brighteſt eye?
When death begins to lead the awful dance*,
We turn to duſt, and are but vanity.

Say, can bright beauty's magic power ſave
Its lov'd poſſeſſor from the loathſome tomb?
O! while ambition's colours round us wave,
Can we eſcape th' inevitable doom?

Nor wealth, nor power, nor proud looks avail,
Inexorable Death no favor ſhews;
We all muſt travel thro' the gloomy vale,
That leads to endleſs joys, or endleſs woes.

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* *Alluding to* HANS HOLBEIN'S *painting of the* "Dance "of Death."

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

TO MARIA, ON READING TO HER STERNE'S BEAUTIFUL STORY OF THAT NAME.

AS Sterne's pathetic tale you hear,
  Why rudely check the rising ſigh?
Why ſeek to hide the pitying tear,
  Whoſe luſtre aids the brilliant eye?

Tears which lament another's woe,
  Unveil the goodneſs of the heart;
Uncheck'd, unheeded theſe ſhould flow—
  They pleaſe beyond the pow'r of art.

Does not yon crimſon-tinted roſe,
  Whoſe op'ning bluſh delights the view;
More ſplendid colouring diſcloſe,
  When brightly gemm'd with morning dew?

So ſhall Maria's beauteous face,
  Dreſt in more pleaſing charms appear;
When aided by the matchleſs grace
  Of Pity's ſympathizing Tear.

THE NATURALIST's SUMMER EVENING's WALK.

BY THE REV. MR. WHITE.

WHEN day declining ſheds a milder gleam,
What time the may-fly haunts the pool or ſtream;
When the ſtill owl ſkims round the glaſſy mead,
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed:
Then be the time to ſteal adown the vale,
And liſten to the vagrant cuckoo's tale:
To hear the clamorous curlew call his mate,
Or the ſoft quail his tender pain relate.
To ſee the ſwallow ſweep the dark'ning plain,
Belated to ſupport her infant train:
To mark the ſwift in rapid giddy ring,
Daſh round the ſteeple, unſubdu'd of wing.
Amuſive birds!—Say, where your hid retreat,
When the froſt rages, and the tempeſts beat?
Whence your return by ſuch nice inſtinct led,
When ſpring, ſoft ſeaſon, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled ſearches mocks man's prying pride,
The God of Nature is your ſecret guide.
While deep'ning ſhades obſcure the face of day,
To yonder bench, leaf ſhelter'd, let us ſtray;
'Till blended objects fail the ſwimming ſight,
And all the fading landſcape ſinks in night;

To hear the drowſy dor come bruſhing by
With buzzing wing, or hear the cricket cry.
To ſee the feeding bat glance thro' the wood,
To catch the diſtant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff the awaken'd churn-owl hung,
Through the ſtill gloom protracts his chattering ſong:
While high in air, and pois'd upon his wings,
Unſeen the ſoft enamour'd wood-lark ſings.
Theſe, Nature's works, the curious mind employ,
Inſpire a ſoothing melancholy joy:
As fancy warms, a pleaſing kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein!
Each rural ſight, each ſound, each ſmell, combine
The tinkling ſheep bell; or the breath of kine:
The new-mown hay that ſcents the ſwelling breeze,
Or cottage chimney, ſmoaking thro' the trees.
The chilling night-dews fall—away, retire,
For ſee, the glow-worm lights her amorous fire:
Then ere night's veil had half obſcur'd the ſky,
Th' impatient damſel hung her lamp on high;
True to the ſignal by love's meteor led,
Leander haſten'd to his Hero's bed.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CHILD.

BY THE REV. J. MOIR.

AH! whither haſt thou flown, delightful boy,
Pride of thy father; all thy mother's joy;
Still pleas'd with all: and happy all to pleaſe,
Gay without art, and innocent with eaſe?
But thou like ev'ry fleeting bliſs art gone,
Reclaim'd by Heaven: and its "will be done."
Thy little heart, as honeſt as thy face,
Now throbs no longer with the ſeeds of grace:
Bright as they were, alas! Thy ſparkling eyes
Are doom'd no more in ecſtaſy to riſe:
Thoſe lips ſo often kiſſed are red no more,
How clay cold all that we embrac'd before!
No more theſe arms ſhall preſs thee to my heart,
Thy charms no more their wonted ſweets impart;
But why repine? Thy happier mind's at reſt;
And, while we cry, triumphs among the bleſt:
Quits earth's poor comforts for a throne above,
In Heaven's own boſom ſhares paternal love.
Dear prattling child, to all our hearts ſtill dear,
Long ſhall we bathe thy memory with a tear:
Farewell—too promiſing on earth to dwell,
Sweeteſt of fondlings, beſt of babes, farewell:

How happy they who thus escape while young,
Ere vice has time to stifle right with wrong;
Whose visionary life on wings of wind,
Speeds far away, and leaves all ills behind.

TRANSLATION OF THE
FORTIETH ODE OF ANACREON.

BY ROBERT FARREN CHEETHAM.

CUPID once, in evil hour,
Crop'd the pride of Flora's bow'r;
Cropt a rose, nor chanc'd to see,
Within the flower a sleeping bee:
But soon his fingers felt the smart,
Inflicted by its tiny dart.
The God unused to suffer pain,
Blew his hand, and shriek'd amain:
Flying then with ruffled mien,
To the fair Idalian Queen,
"O Mamma!" he wildly cries,
"Wounded save, thy Cupid dies;
"Me a little serpent stung,
"Hid the rose-bud leaves among,
"Deck'd with curious wings like me,
"Plowmen call the thing a bee."

Wiping love's tear ſtreaming eyes,
Archly ſmiling—ſhe replies:
" Cupid, if a thing ſo ſmall,
" Pain thee thus, and give thee thrall,
" Think, O think, what torturing woe,
" They who feel thy dart muſt know."

SONNET TO THE RIVER TWEED.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

O TWEED! a ſtranger that with wand'ring feet,
O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile;
If ſo his weary thoughts he might beguile,
Delighted turns thy beauteous ſcenes to greet.

The waving branches that romantic bend
O'er thy tall banks, a ſoothing charm beſtow;
The murmur of thy wand'ring wave below,
Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.

Delightful ſtream! though now along thy ſhore,
When ſpring returns in all her wonted pride;
The ſhepherds diſtant pipe is heard no more,
Yet here with penſive peace could I abide:
Far from the ſtormy world's tumultuous roar,
To muſe upon thy banks at even tide.

VIRTUE's REPLY TO PLEASURE.

SPENCE.

'TIS with the gods and godlike men I dwell,
Me his ſupreme delight th' Almighty ſire;
Regards well pleas'd; whatever works excel,
All or divine, or human, I inſpire.

Counſel with ſtrength, and induſtry with art,
In union meet, conjoin'd with me reſide;
My dictates arm, inſtruct, and mend the heart,
The ſureſt policy, the wiſeſt guide.
With me true friendſhip dwells: ſhe deigns to bind
Thoſe generous ſouls alone, whom I before have join'd.

Nor need my friends the various coſtly feaſt,
Hunger to them th' effects of art ſupplies;
Labour prepares their weary limbs to reſt,
Sweet is their ſleep: light, cheerful, ſtrong they riſe.

Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleaſure and renown,
They tread my paths: and by a ſoft deſcent,
At length to age all gently ſinking down,
Look back with tranſport on a life well ſpent.
In which, no hour flew unimprov'd away,
In which, ſome generous deed diſtinguiſh'd every day.

And when the deſtin'd term at length complete,
Their aſhes reſt in peace; eternal fame
Sounds wide their praiſe: triumphant over fate,
In ſacred ſong for ever lives their name.

This Hercules is happineſs! obey
My voice, and live. Let thy celeſtial birth
Lift and enlarge thy thoughts. Behold the way
That leads to fame, and raiſes thee from earth
Immortal! Lo, I guide thy ſteps. Ariſe,
Purſue the glorious path, and claim thy native ſkies.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O ſeldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temp'rate vow:
Not all the ſtorms that ſhake the pole
Can e'er diſturb thy halcyon ſoul,
And ſmooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in ſimpleſt veſt array'd,
With all thy ſober cheer diſplay'd,
To bleſs my longing ſight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaſte ſubdued delights.

No more by varying paſſions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in ſome pure and equal ſky,
Beneath thy ſoft indulgent eye,
Thy modeſt Virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic veſt,
And Innocence with candid breaſt,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to diſtant years,
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears
A viſta to the ſky.

There Health, thro' whoſe calm boſom glide
The temp'rate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy ſiſter meek,
Preſents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian ſage
A Tyrant maſters wanton rage
With ſettled ſmiles to meet;
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek ſubmitted head,
And kiſſed thy ſainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet doſt thou joy
To tell thy ſimple tale?
The lowlieſt children of the ground,
Moſs-roſe and violet, bloſſom round,
And lily of the vale.

O ſay what ſoft propitious hour
I beſt may chuſe to hail thy pow'r,
And court thy gentle ſway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muſe,
Shall thy own modeſt tints diffuſe
And ſhed thy milder day:

When Eve, her dewy ſtar beneath,
Thy balmy ſpirit loves to breathe,
And ev'ry ſtorm is laid;
If ſuch an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy ſoothing voice
Low whiſp'ring thro' the ſhade.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

THERE are that love the ſhades of life,
And ſhun the ſplendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful ſtrife,
To riſk ambition's loſing game.

That far from Envy's lurid eye,
The faireſt fruits of Genius rear;
Content to ſee them bloom and die
In friendſhip's ſmall, but genial ſphere.

Than vainer flowers, tho' ſweeter far
The Evening Primroſe ſhuns the day;
Blooms only to the weſtern ſtar,
And loves its ſolitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's cloſing hour;
On his time-ſmooth'd ſtaff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the op'ning flower.

"Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,
"In pity's ſimple thought," he cries,
"Thy boſom muſt not feel the glow
"Of ſplendid ſuns, or ſmiling ſkies.

" Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
" The hamlet's little train behold;
" Their eyes to ſweet oppreſſion yield,
" When thine the falling ſhades unfold.

" Nor thee the haſty ſhepherd heeds,
" When love has filled his heart with cares;
" For flowers he rifles all the mead,
" For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

" Ah! waſte no more that beauteous bloom,
" On night's chill ſhade, that fragrant breath;
" Let ſmiling ſuns thoſe gems illume!
" Fair flower, to live unſeen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales,
That o'er the bending meadow blow;
Or ſtreams that ſteal thro' even vales,
And murmur that they move ſo ſlow.

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her ſtrain;
The Bird of Eve approach'd her flower,
And anſwer'd thus the anxious ſwain:
" Live unſeen!"

By moon-light ſhades in valleys green,
Lovely flower we'll live unſeen:
Of our pleaſure deem not lightly,
Laughing day may look more ſprightly.
But I love the modeſt mien,
Still I love the modeſt mien
Of gentle evening fair; and her ſtar-train'd queen.

Did'ſt thou ſhepherd never find
Pleaſure is of penſive kind?
Has thy cottage never know
That ſhe loves to live alone?
Doſt thou not at ev'ry hour
Feel ſome ſoft and ſecret pow'r?
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave ſweet ſerenity behind:
While all diſarm'd, the cares of day
Steal thro' the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot is laid
In this undiſtinguiſh'd ſhade.
Far from the world's infectious view
Thy little virtues ſafely blew;
Go, and in days more dang'rous hour,
Guard thy emblematic flower.

FOR THE MONUMENT OF ROSE:
A FAVORITE SPANIEL.

BY THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

YE fairy ſprites, who oft by duſky eve,
When no rude noiſe diſturbs this peaceful grove;
O'er cowſlips heads your airy dances weave,
Or with your females whiſper tales of love.

A favorite's urn protect with ev'ry ſpell,
That by the conſcious moon ye here prepare:
Nor in the breaſt the heaving ſigh repel,
Nor in the redden'd eye the ſtarting tear,

For ye have ſeen her at the riſe of day,
Fair as the bluſhing flower, whoſe name ſhe bore;
Try the thick copſe, or in the vallies play,
Neglect her not, though all her beauties o'er.

Leſt ſhould ſome heifer from the neighbouring mead,
Or playful colt her little tomb profane;
Leſt on that breaſt the turf too hard they tread,
Which ne'er knew ſorrow, nor e'er taſted pain.

For this may no rude peaſants ere the dawn,
With noiſy rattling of their loaded teams;
Drive you with mirth unfiniſhed off the lawn,
Or in the vale diſturb your pleaſing dreams.

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